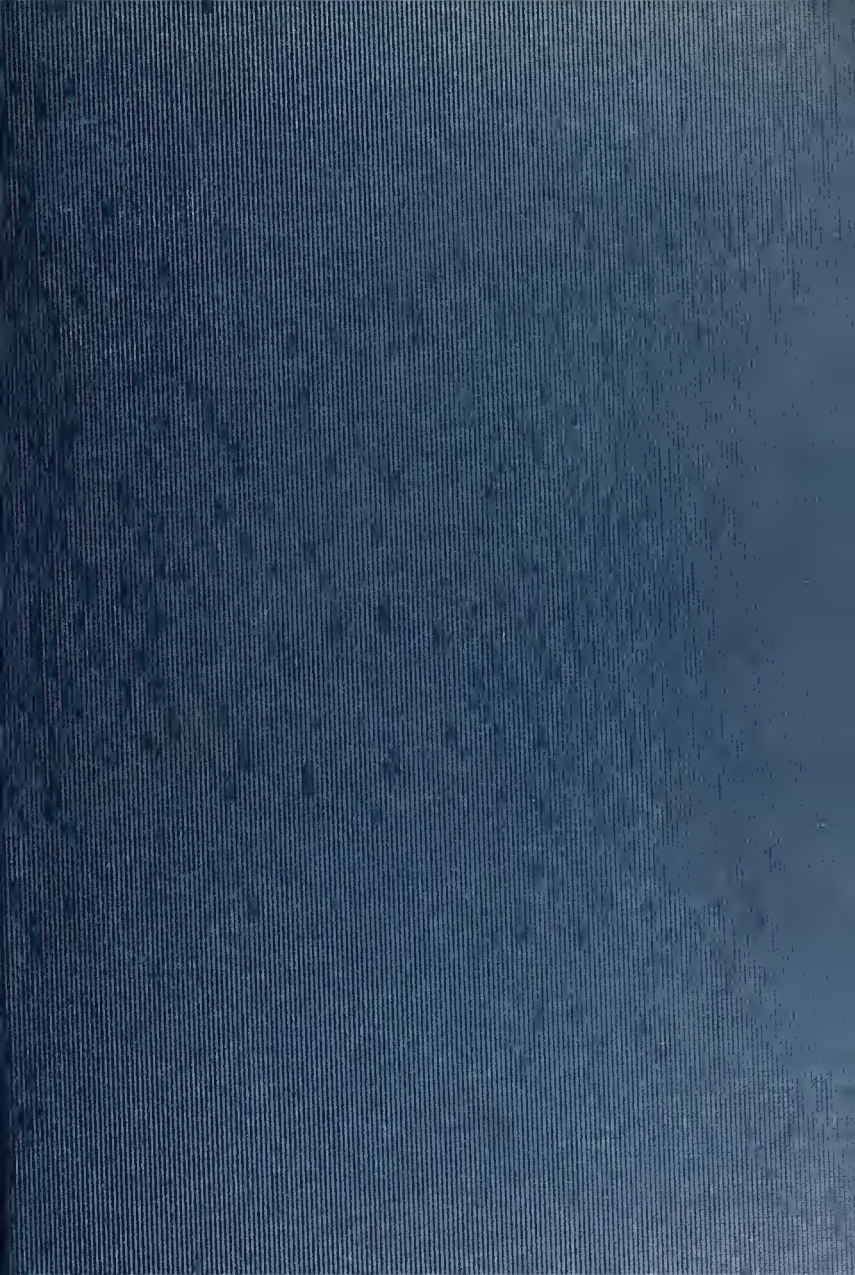




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THEODORE AND PUNDIT. (See p. 74)



THE HORSE WHICH NEVER GREW FAT. (See pp. 94 and 90)

# WAS IT WORTH WHILE?

The Life of Theodore Storrs Lee

BY

SOME FRIENDS OF HIS

**Association Press**

NEW YORK: 124 EAST 28th STREET

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1915

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INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF YOUNG MEN'S  
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

To  
THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGES  
OF AMERICA AND INDIA  
IS DEDICATED  
THIS LIFE OF A FELLOW-STUDENT

*Two things we can give in gratitude for those who have helped us. One is to remember them. This is small. The other is to do, according to the measure of our power, the things they did. This is a continuing thing. It means the loyalty of our spirits to those visions and tasks which were the best of our friends' lives. It means living and working that the faith which inspired them shall continue and increase on the earth. This is the real tribute of friendship.*

—R. C. DENISON.



## FOREWORD

THIS little book is a tribute to one who made the supreme sacrifice in response to the supreme call. His was a short life, but it was long enough to reveal this rare distinction. In the few years of activity which he enjoyed after the discouragements of interrupted preparation, he not only furnished a pattern of intelligent missionary enterprise—winning the general esteem of an alien community—but in the completeness of the devotion of the best that was in him to the ideal of service he gave an example and inspiration to those engaged in every field of worthy endeavor. We eagerly estimate the gains along each line of advance,—in the discovery of the secrets of nature, the conquest of disease, the increase of useful activities, and the elevation of standards of living,—but we realize that these count for naught if the human spirit in the midst of opportunity is enfeebled or corrupted; and an ineradicable instinct prompts us to reserve our highest esteem for those indomitable souls who in heroic effort meet the final test of character. Theodore Lee met this test. He gave himself—not weakly, but with the strength of unconquerable resolve—to the mission to which he believed himself to be called. He brought to the twentieth century the zeal of the first. Duty controlled his life, but he met its severe demands joyously. Conscience ruled him, but he remained tender

and loving. It was his absolute sincerity, the firmness of his convictions and his deep human sympathy that gave him his power over men. His memory is very dear to his friends and it is the object of this record to extend the influence of his life.

CHARLES E. HUGHES

*Associate Justice of the Supreme  
Court of the United States.*

Washington, D. C.  
November 1, 1915.

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS book is not a memorial, nor written first of all for Theodore Lee's family or friends. But it is written for young men, especially in the colleges of America and India, in the belief that, as Theodore Lee's friendship was so inspiring to many young men in his life, so the living page may bring yet others into that friendship.

Eight authors have shared the task. The book, therefore, is unusual in that its unity is not due to an interpretation of Theodore's life by one mind, but to the vivid and consistent impression which his strong personality made on those who knew him. The table of contents will show that these writers include wife, father, class-mates at college and theological seminary, and fellow-workers in India and at home.

To the editor has fallen the task of being the servant of all in the general details, endeavoring to let each writer tell in his own way his part of the story and yet to achieve a continuous narrative. The only important editorial changes have been the uniform omission throughout the story of the first personal pronoun when referring to the writers, and some necessary condensation in certain parts that the work in India might have its appropriate space. So much material is available that the problem has been to omit and every letter quoted may be regarded as truly typical of many others.

The responsibility for the final choice of chapter titles, illustrations, quotations, and the general arrangement of the book is the editor's. A brief appendix is added with the chief dates of Theodore's life and a few explanations of places.

For one so young, Theodore Lee's life touched an astonishing number of other lives. Each writer has followed his own judgment in mentioning names. Only in one respect has the editor found it necessary to go counter to a strongly expressed wish: Hannah Hume Lee, with her characteristic self-effacement, would gladly be omitted wherever possible. Much has been omitted, but no writer of Theodore's life-story could separate in it those whom God has so wonderfully joined together.

WILLIAM DANA STREET.

WHITE PLAINS, New York,  
November 1, 1915.

BOYHOOD HOME AND SCHOOL DAYS AT  
WILLISTON SEMINARY

We are often sympathized with because of his early demise. There is deep affliction in the separation, but heaven is nearer than India, and we are quite likely to meet him sooner than if he had returned thither. His life was complete. "Being made perfect in a little while, he fulfilled long years, for his soul was pleasing to the Lord, therefore hastened he out of the midst of wickedness."

—The witness of Theodore Lee's father, SAMUEL H. LEE.

## CHAPTER I

### BOYHOOD HOME AND SCHOOL DAYS AT WILLISTON SEMINARY

THEODORE STORRS LEE was born in Cleveland, Ohio, May 23, 1873. He was of that substantial stock which settled Connecticut in the seventeenth century and through the eighteenth carried the colony forward to a leading position in the American Union.

His great-grandfather on his mother's side was one of the minute men at Lexington,

“Where once the embattl'd farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

His paternal great-grandfather was a chaplain in the army of Washington, and his paternal grandfather a cavalryman in 1812.

This great-grandfather, Dr. Andrew Lee, was the first and only pastor of the church in Hanover, Connecticut, for sixty-four years. He was a graduate and a member of the corporation of Yale, but his Calvinism, too moderate for his Alma Mater, was pleasing to Harvard and gained from her the honor of preaching the *concio ad clerum* and the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The coming of Theodore, completing with the brother and two sisters a domestic quartet in quite

ideal fashion, was very welcome to all concerned. To the children he became an object of wonder and worship; over the parents he asserted the authority of utter helplessness and need.

Theodore's parents, with a sense of responsibility deepened by ten years of experience with children, welcomed him as a gift of God, committed to them for the realization of the high powers and possibilities of a being created in the Divine image. Accordingly, four months after his birth, he is brought to the house of God to join the church of Christ upon the faith of his father and mother, by baptism into the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and is recognized as the gift of God in his name, Theodore.

Here begins Theodore Lee's religious history. The Christian home accounts for him. The unit of humanity is the individual man. But the unit of human society, the social unit, the primary, fundamental, social organization of mankind is the family. This institution, having for its constitution and laws the covenant with God with its implications, is at once a church of Christ with its spiritual and intellectual power, and a state, an institution of rights, with its governmental and economic order. The daily family gathering for worship, Scripture reading—especially reading in turn, song and prayer, qualifying for intelligent private and public worship; the three social gatherings thankfully to receive all provisions for physical needs, with the conversations on things great and small, of common interest, the cheering joke, the talk of books and the experiences with the outer world; the mutual helpfulness in the conduct of the home—

too many servants are a calamity—the regular discharge of ordinary duties, “enjoying each the other’s good” and suffering each the other’s ill: in these on-goings in the home in multitudinous varieties, in a bright and cheerful Christian atmosphere, there is laid a foundation deep and solid for a noble manhood and womanhood.

There was no exceptional personal training in Theodore’s early life. He was the product of the sum total of the influences of a Christian home.

His was a normal, joyous childhood. He met the diseases and accidents incident to that period with the usual number of marvelous escapes. Only once, when diphtheria—“the pestilence that walketh in darkness”—prevailed in the city, did the Angel of Death apparently approach our door; but the blood of the Lamb was “put on the two side-posts and the lintel for a token” and the Dread Messenger passed over the home. During this period he was healthy and strong and as vigorous and hilarious in play as any boy.

His school days began in Oberlin, and with them a wider acquaintance with the world. One experience he was never allowed to forget. Owing to Oberlin’s early espousal of the cause of the slave there was a large population of negroes resident there. Their children were very numerous in the schools. It was customary and often necessary in identifying a person to tell to what race he belonged. A college professor’s wife, making her first call on his mother, and waiting for a little, fell into conversation with Theodore. Learning what room he was in at school, she said, “I

have a little girl there." Instantly he naïvely asked, "White or colored?"

In Brattleboro, Vermont, at the age of ten, we find him a bright, happy boy, with a face that won friends wherever it appeared; innocent, unfamiliar with the ways of the world, but being initiated into them. One day a clerk in a hardware store requested him to do for him an important errand—to go down to another store and purchase a "three-cornered rat-tail file"! As thousands of innocent ones before him, he fell into the trap; and tried to secure a tool at once round and three-sided. When he understood it he entered into the amusement which his proposal occasioned in that store, and learned the nature of a practical joke, which he was not wholly averse from perpetrating in later years; for though of profoundly serious nature, and sometimes sorely depressed by physical ailment, he was always keen to discern and quick to enjoy the humorous side of things and contribute to it upon occasion.

The family went to New Haven in 1885. During residence there his health suffered in a peculiar way. When he was about fourteen years of age he stopped growing. His stature and weight remained nearly stationary for two or more years. Then suddenly he began to grow and shot up towards his six-feet-one with amazing rapidity. This seemed to exhaust his vitality; he was never really well afterwards.

He attended the public schools in the grammar and high grades. He enjoyed his teachers and was an enjoyable pupil, but it seems he was only moderately interested or proficient in his studies. Nothing yet had

waked him up. But some of his mates were worth much to him. Among them was a son of President Dwight, a son and daughter of Professor Peck, and a son of Dr. Newman Smyth. In this period he began to stand on his own feet and to select his companions with care.

It was at this time, March 2, 1890, that, upon his own motion, he united with the Center Church, under Dr. Newman Smyth. The step was intelligently and thoughtfully taken. He confessed his faith in Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and acknowledged his Heavenly Father's ownership as his parents had done in his babyhood.

It was in those days that his father's intimate friend, Professor W. R. Harper, later president of Chicago University, was creating great interest in Bible study in the college and city; and Theodore often heard him talk over his plans in the home. The Bible to him gained in importance. Lessons prepared by Professor Harper were introduced by one of his seminary students into Center Church Sunday School. Theodore fortunately had Miss Morris—Mrs. President Hadley—for his teacher, whom he ever gratefully remembered for awakening in him new interest in the Bible. He studied his Sunday school lessons more than any other. This was the beginning of the remarkable companionship with the Book that characterized his entire history.

The family moved to Springfield, Massachusetts, in May, 1890. Here he entered the high school but ill health compelled him to withdraw. He continued his studies, however, as he was able, under a private

tutor. It was in this period that in the interests of health he began to be regular in his habits, regular in gymnastics and all kinds of out-of-door exercises, in eating, sleeping, and studying.

In the autumn of 1891 he entered Williston Seminary. During three years there he was seriously handicapped by poor health, dropping out of class occasionally a week or two, but was not obliged to abandon it altogether—a new experience for him. He was more mature than most of his mates and was hungry for knowledge. His scholarship was up to the average; when his vital forces were in full tide his rank was above the average, when they were at low ebb it fell below. Two or three years before he went to the school, he had bought and used freely a small microscope. This was his beginning in Nature study. And now aside from his required courses he had great pleasure in using a good instrument in the study of zoology and botany.

He held his teachers in high esteem; he came into close contact with them; his confidence was reciprocated; his sincerity and enthusiasm appealed to them and they were always glad to render him personal assistance. One of them writes, "He was fond of saying—and who that heard him a few years ago at morning prayers in Williston can forget his spirited and high-minded talk to the students and his genuine tribute of gratitude to his teachers—that he got more out of *men* while in Williston, at table, in teachers' and students' rooms, than out of books."

His religious influence was extraordinary. He was very active in the Young Men's Christian Association

and inspired others. He was so active and consecrated that—his name then being Samuel Theodore—the fellows putting together his initials called him “St. Lee”; they did it in jest, but he lived up to the title and they honored him for the reality. In order to lead them on in Christian service, he influenced members of the Young Men’s Christian Association to attend the Student Conference at Northfield.

Out of the love of beautiful things he stirred up the Association and others to set out vines around South Hall. He raised the money among them and procured the vines ready to be planted. The morning came when all were expected to share in the work. But it rained and most of the students refused to go out. But Theodore feared that the plants would suffer if delayed; and though he never heard of Goethe’s urgent counsel, “Be always resolute with the present hour,” he practiced it, went out with one other fellow and did the whole job. Frail he was and some feared for him, but the next day he was no worse for it, and the fellows whose cuticle was too delicate for a little extra moisture could hardly look upon the forty ampelopsis Japanese ivy vines with unalloyed pleasure. Now those brick walls are clothed in luxuriant verdure. Not only so. There was eloquence in this beginning. Later, others were persuaded to adorn the other three Halls in like fashion and in various ways to beautify the campus.

It is not easy to tell just when and where his missionary purpose began to emerge in his consciousness, but it came into supremacy while in Williston. But we know that his interest in missionaries began very

early in the atmosphere of his home. During the second five years of his life, his family resided in Oberlin, a missionary town. Retired missionaries lived there and were his parents' friends. Missionary visitors were often in the churches and college. A characteristic incident was when the Rev. Charles Logan and his wife from Micronesia were calling one afternoon. They rose to leave but were invited to stay to tea. They excused themselves because their little girl Beulah was alone at home. But Theodore interposed, "Oh stay; I will go and get her, and you tell more stories." Of course the missionary was glad to satisfy such an audience. So Theodore went for Beulah and had the stories. Always there were students in college and seminary preparing for missionary service. Exceptional interest was aroused by the organization one year of the band of young men to establish the Shansi Mission in China. Of these several classes of persons many were often regular guests, especially the members of that Shansi band. They made a pet of the little boy. Two of them, Messrs. Fay and Stimson, took their last Thanksgiving dinner at the house. The prayers and thanksgivings connected with the graduating of the young missionaries impressed the entire community.

When he came to New Haven the same spirit pervaded the home and in some degree was prevalent round about. One Sunday the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell of Hartford had for his theme in the college chapel the heroic life of Keith Falconer. Theodore's mother read him the story. For several years his father was closely connected with many city missions

in New York, sending Christian young men from the different colleges in New England into them for service two months in the summer, raising the money for their support while doing so. These students were more or less in the home. Then his father became president of the missionary college in Springfield.

At a meeting of the American Board in Brooklyn Henry Ward Beecher accounted for the fact that he and his brothers all became ministers by saying, "The burden of my father's prayer every morning at the family altar was for the coming of the Kingdom of God. What else could we do?"

So far as we know no one in the home ever suggested to Theodore that he might well become a missionary. His health would naturally preclude that. But he always evinced pronounced interest in Christian work and occasionally in missions. When he was about seventeen years old he wrote his sister from Springfield, "Mamma sits here reading the *Missionary Review* which she says is the best magazine that comes into the house and I am beginning to think so myself." But the definite authoritative suggestion that he give himself to the foreign missionary work came directly from a higher source. It was along in those days when, imposing upon himself rules and regulations for healthful living, he did not forget the hygiene of the soul. He adopted the practice of spending a half hour in communion with God, through the reading of His Word and in prayer, before he left his room in the morning. His day was before him; he contemplated it from the Divine point of view. He began in the light; he walked on in the light. This accounts

for Theodore Lee, for his spiritual eminence among young men. We shall see its working through the entire story before us. "Beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord we are transformed into the same image from glory to glory as from the spirit of the Lord."

Now it is hardly credible that he should read his Bible thus every morning, year after year, with ever the inquiry, "Lord, what shall I do?" and fail to offer daily the one and the only specific prayer enjoined by Christ upon His disciples, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth laborers into His harvest"; or that he should rise from his knees without hearing the great commission, "Go preach the gospel to every creature." Yet his father was very much surprised one day after he had returned from Northfield when he came into the study and said: "I joined the Student Volunteers yesterday; it does not commit me unless circumstances favor it." The father's response was rather non-committal and feeble. He expressed approval of the plan but was very doubtful of its practicability in his case. But it was the hour of destiny. The clock had struck. Theodore had put his hand to the plow. That kind of purpose in a young man gathers strength every day from all things, favorable and adverse alike, is renewed every morning and subdues circumstances to itself.

The three years after leaving Williston were years of sore, unprecedented trial. He passed the examinations and entered Yale in June. His ill-health had not allowed him an unbroken school year since he entered the high school in New Haven. Those who

were his mates there were now nearly through college. He was twenty-one years old. The struggle to get to college had been long and severe. But he had won to be disappointed. When autumn came he was wholly unfit to go on.

So he stayed out to gain health. He made a business of it. Diet, exercise, health-giving activities, life out-of-doors, and for purposeful work book-selling, because it would keep him going and occupied—but a person with nervous dyspepsia would better not become a book-agent. At the end of the school year he was no worse and possibly a little better, yet not in condition to take up the arduous labor of a Yale Freshman. So, not to lose more time, he entered the Freshman class in the American International College and took the regular Freshman course. He had two classmates, fine fellows, a Frenchman, Telesphore Taisne, who died in the winter of 1913, pastor of the Congregational Church in Durham, New Hampshire, and Instructor in French in the State College; the other, an Italian, Alphonse de Salvio, now Professor of Romance Languages in Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. The three made a good class. By reason of his familiarity with gymnastics, Theodore was appointed Physical Director of the school and drilled the students. As he lived at home and was not obliged always to study and attend classes when he was half sick, he accomplished his work very well. Yet, though perhaps slightly better, he was not equal to going to Yale the following autumn. He took up the Sophomore work in the home college, but in two weeks was seized with malarial fever and brought very low.

Yet he was up and about in two months, but unfit for study. Whereupon, December 1, 1896, he started for Pine Bluff, North Carolina, to spend the winter with his cousins, the family of the Rev. R. G. S. McNeille. This was the most depressing point in his history. Once seen, that white, cadaverous face, with its far projecting eyes, sad beyond tears, speechless, well-nigh hopeless, could never be forgotten.

However, the venture proved beneficial. In a home with sympathetic friends whom he loved, working out of doors in a vineyard, soil sandy, climate mild, he gradually gained tone and strength. He came home in May—not well, but better than he had been for a long time.

In September he entered the Sophomore class at Amherst.

We have said that these three years of delay were a period of sore trial. Who can measure it? Were his high hopes to be blasted? Yet they were not lost years. They were rich in their fruitage.

He was led of the Spirit into the wilderness for three years to be tempted of the devil, tempted to abandon the high endeavor to promote the Kingdom of God and accept a lower, narrower activity advantageous to himself; but he had learned from his Master to quote the word of God to the adversary, and vanquished him with the sword of the Spirit.

We are told that we are determined by our environment—we are victims. Hardly. The determining factor is how we meet, how we react upon our environment, what in our environment we choose to surrender to. A young man may be inevitably sur-

rounded by vicious men; but he need not take them for intimates. He may ally himself with true friends and by resisting evil become strong in good. If a young man have for his environment an enfeebled body, unwelcome conditions, all kinds of obstacles, and realize that the greatest reality in his environment is God, finding in Him a refuge and strength, "he will renew his strength, he will run and not be weary." "All things work together for good to them that love God"—even disappointments and defeats.

During these years Theodore was actively furthering missionary work. He interested those who were near him. In the American International College he was concerned in all religious services. He became acquainted with young men of different foreign races, learned how to meet the stranger, and he strengthened many in a right purpose. One year he got several to attend the Student Conference at Northfield, raising the money in the city for their expenses. In the summer of 1899, with another intending missionary, Rev. Edward Smith, now in China, he labored in churches in and surrounding Palmer, Massachusetts, interesting the young people and organizing mission study classes—the results appeared in subsequent activities.

In the following summer, 1900, under the auspices of the united Christian Endeavor Societies of Palmer and Monson, he engaged for two or three months in home missionary work in a neighborhood remote from both churches among the hills, known as Silver Street, holding services in the chapel, visiting homes, getting the people out to attend them, organizing a Sunday school which is still continued. In this work he re-

ceived five dollars a week and to some extent, like the schoolmasters of early days, "boarded round." He once wrote, "This week I have been living with a saint; next week I am to live with the hardest sinner; I don't know which I shall like the better." He was a friend of sinners.

These were busy years. He adopted, under the direction of Dr. Luther Gulick, an expert in physical training, various expedients for the upbuilding of his physique which no doubt relieved him in some measure of his particular disability, and at any rate developed in him great muscular strength. He lived out of doors, much on his wheel or on his legs, on the highways and in the woods. He found many ways for diversion. He liked and had skill in mechanical work. He constructed a work bench in the cellar, secured a box of tools and made various things.

Here came in as a recuperative factor his love of Nature.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language."

That language Theodore listened to often and intently. He heard the "voice of gladness in his gayer hours," he felt the "mild and gentle sympathy in his darker musings," but to him the natural world was not the realm of death which the poet pictures. No, indeed. It was instinct with irrespressible life. Nature's song is a song of life. It gave vigor to his body and to his soul. It shouted, "Live, live, live beautifully, live abundantly, live gloriously, live forever!"

He never wearied of wandering around the fields and forest summer or winter. Nature in all her aspects, in the changing seasons, in the heavens above and the earth beneath declared the glory of God.

He was very fond of the birds; he could not be a scientific ornithologist for he could never kill a bird. But with his opera glass he quietly pursued them. He noted their colors, their structure, the sweep of their flight, he learned their habits and habitat; he would never disturb a nest. He knew their voices and songs.

He was deeply interested in trees. He made a considerable collection of woods. In this work he was much encouraged and aided by Mr. George S. Lewis of the *Springfield Republican*, who was an expert in the business. He sawed and polished into uniform shape, as if for a museum, and in his old room there are still seventy-five specimens of the different woods of this vicinity, where he hanged them with his own hand on the picture molding along the walls.

But the highest benefit of those three trying years was in his own spiritual advancement. He developed tremendous power of will. He was victor over circumstances. His sense of obligation to the right was commanding. "Through suffering learned he obedience." "Tribulation worketh steadfastness, steadfastness approvedness, approvedness hope, and hope maketh not ashamed"; that is, hope assureth triumph. God's good pleasure became his own. To know that his Saviour wanted a thing done made the doing of it a pleasure. "His delight was in the law of the Lord."



A COLLEGE MAN WITH A GENIUS FOR  
FRIENDSHIP, AMHERST, 1900

We loved him for his noble friendship, for his intimate daily communion with his God, for his hatred of all sin and sham, but some of us loved him even more for his tireless devotion to those for whom none other cared, who were hungry and sick and naked and far away. He was our friend and prophet and missionary in Amherst years before it was his privilege to go to India.

—The witness of WELLINGTON H. TINKER.

## CHAPTER II

### A COLLEGE MAN WITH A GENIUS FOR FRIENDSHIP, AMHERST, 1900

IN the fall of 1897 Theodore Storrs Lee entered the Sophomore class at Amherst College. He was twenty-four years of age, older in years and much older in experience than most of his classmates.

As a boy in the New Haven high school, his great ambition to train and strengthen his body for the time when as a Yale man he should be eligible for the Yale crew caused him to overdo. He never fully recovered from this breakdown and came to college physically handicapped though richly endowed in other ways. His long struggle for health had deepened his sense of the value of life and enabled him as well to reach a very definite decision concerning his own life work. He came to Amherst determined to prepare himself for a great task, and this serious life purpose stamped him immediately as a marked man among his fellows. The rest of us were there for various reasons; he was in college for business.

Singularly enough the life work to which he felt particularly called was that of a foreign missionary, notwithstanding the fact that the American International College, of which his father was president and which he had attended for a year, was chartered to

meet one of the greatest of all home missionary problems. In the presence of such unquestioned needs, Theodore had grown to manhood. The great possibilities of the home work gripped his imagination and he thought seriously of giving his life to the cause of the foreigner in America.

An intimate friend writes :

His missionary decision was due to no disparagement or belittlement of home opportunities. It was based rather on a vividness of imagination and largeness of outlook which made him appreciate, as those of smaller powers cannot do, the vastness and compelling appeal of the great needs and possibilities of the Oriental peoples. For him no personal pull of affection could be allowed to stand in the way of spending his life in the most needy places, and his detailed and careful study of missions served only to deepen the conviction that the greatest problem of the Christian Church in America was whether its vision were wide enough, its consecration deep enough and its brotherliness practical enough to give adequate response to the foreign missionary appeal.

To prepare himself for the finest, truest type of foreign service was his constant endeavor. It is not surprising therefore that Theodore found it difficult to mingle freely with the younger, more carefree, less earnest men of his class. Among them he became known as "Missionary Lee." He seemed to them a person apart; as, indeed, they seemed to him.

Of course, in the small college community a strong

personality like Theodore Lee's could not fail to influence even the so-called sporty men, but the influence was such as comes from casual contact.

Nor is it surprising that such a character should find it necessary occasionally to act in open opposition to the overwhelming sentiment of his classmates. Lee had been in college scarcely a week before such an occasion arose. A classmate describes the incident:

The annual cane rush between Freshmen and Sophomores took place on the first Saturday night of the school year. This cane rush was dangerous and awakened brutal instincts in some men. Some of the so-called religious men did not believe in it, and yet, because of the intensity of class feeling and the fear that they would be considered physical cowards if they stayed away, most of these men took part in the affair. Evidently Theodore had had a talk with some of these men and was aroused by the evils of the rush and by the intolerant tyranny of the class in this matter. He therefore refused to go to the rush, thus consciously running counter to the overwhelming sentiment of his class and facing misunderstanding and unpopularity at the very start of his college career.

A second similar decision was when he deliberately gave up attendance at all college games in order to give the money saved to the support of the Amherst Alumni Missionary.

He clearly recognized this as a sacrifice, but his means were slender and he felt that the support of the College Missionary, which

was then at a low ebb, urgently demanded the full support of his college's loyalty and generosity. He later questioned the wisdom of this decision, feeling that the loss resulting from separating himself from the greatest interest of most of his college mates might have more than outweighed the help he had been able to give the College Missionary; but, I, for one was shamed into doubling my missionary subscription by finding out how generously he had given.

Naturally such actions did not add to his popularity but that did not swerve him from his course. He was fitting himself for the eternal war that right must ever wage against wrong. What mattered it if the fight began a trifle early! It would add to his experience and train him for the harder battles that were sure to come. There is no surer way of knowing men than by studying their habits and in the case of Theodore this method of diagnosis is easy for his habits even during college days were well marked. He was industrious by habit. The value of time was always a factor in his thinking. Possibly the fact that he was older than his fellows, but more probably the sense of all that needed to be done, made him relentless in his determination to utilize each waking moment and oft-times impatient with those whose sense of the value of time was far less keen than his. This explains in large part his attitude toward the lighter side of college life. It was not that he particularly felt its badness, but that it was so insipid, so unworthy of the time and money and strength put into it.

He would often change his work, but rarely stopped

working. Even during his long walks, one could tell by the rapid, earnest way in which he was striding along that his brain was working at some difficult problem. A classmate writes of him: "I never saw him anywhere save as he sat or stood bolt upright." He had so schooled himself to his tasks that he was ready at a moment's notice for whatever demand might be made, and this readiness showed itself even in his posture.

Let it not be imagined though that his absorption in work had dimmed his sense of humor, or lessened his charm as a companion. Few men could surpass him in the art of telling a story and none in the enjoyment thereof. An old college mate, after a lapse of nearly twelve years, writes that one of the things he remembers about Lee is a "story that still lingers with me. It was ridiculously absurd but was related with all the imaginative details and dry humor that characterize a good story teller."

Lee had cultivated also the habit of thoroughness. No detail was unimportant if in his judgment it was essential to the complete understanding of the subject. This exceptionally rare trait among college men was well illustrated in many ways. His health demanded that he take light but regular exercise. Accordingly he purchased dumb-bells and Indian clubs and with great thoroughness went through with his exercises, rarely if ever missing a day. Another instance much to the point is given by a friend. Lee had been greatly troubled by certain reports that had reached his ears concerning a well-known resort in Northampton. He had never seen the place personally and he disliked to

pass judgment until in some way the report had been ratified. So writes his friend "Lee came back early from his Thanksgiving vacation and stopped over night at Dick Raha's, Northampton, that he might see how the other half lived. He never did anything superficially, no matter how small or insignificant it might be."

Possibly the outstanding illustration of this habit of thoroughness was Lee's faithful adherence to daily Bible study. Long before he came to college, he had formed the habit and all through his course it was his regular practice. He felt that he could not be a thorough Christian unless he kept himself in closest contact with his Lord; and this he believed to be impossible, at least for him, unless each day he opened the pages of the Book and dwelt in quiet reverence upon the life and teaching of his Lord. If it was right for him to give careful attention to his body and resolute attention to his mental development by faithfully preparing his college work, it was also essential, he believed, to feed his spirit life each day under the leadership of the Master Teacher. His Bible was always upon his desk, and again and again I have found him poring over the Book. He fed upon its great themes as few college men have done, and the strength and beauty of spirit that such food always develops, one could see in his face.

His Christian faith was of such supreme value to him that he felt constrained to propagate it, and the method that he chose was usually the method of friendship. It became his constant habit. Many a time did he seek out men in lonely rooms, bewildered

or weakened by the college struggle. Many a quiet talk did he have as he and his selected companion trod his favorite walk. No one else in college had so many intimate talks with so many men; and no one else brought such strength and courage to those who were tempted to give up boyhood standards in the freedom of the college environment.

It was not the college man alone that absorbed his attention. His interests were as wide as the needs that he saw. A characteristic incident is described by an eye witness.

Lee was going to attend an important missionary convention in Northampton. The responsibility of the meetings rested very largely upon his shoulders for he was to be the presiding officer. During the ride from Amherst, he was thinking earnestly of these meetings and planning for them. As we got off the train and went through the station, Lee excused himself for a moment, crossed over quickly to a poor old woman who was trying to carry a burden all too heavy for her, swung it upon his shoulders and carried it to the place she was going. Later he joined the fellows as if nothing really great had happened.

Naturally, Lee was led to give a great deal of his time to the promotion of interest in missions among the students and here also his chief method was personal work. So insistent was he at times in presenting the subject that one of the fellows states "During my freshman year I lived in actual terror of Lee and no more dared to be absent from mission study class than

to be away from my regular college classes." Another writes :

I well remember the first time when Theodore Lee and I had an extended talk together. He was the one who sought the talk, walking with me from a class to my distant fraternity house. His object was to enlist me in a mission study class which he was starting. The part of the interview which especially served to perpetuate it in my memory was its closing moment. He had presented telling arguments for mission study; but I was not at the time greatly interested and had combatted some of his statements, thinking them narrow and, perhaps, unfair to the general run of the fellows. He turned to me to say good night and giving me that strong warm grip which was so characteristic of him and looking straight into my eyes, in his typical way, said, with a genuineness that one could not fail to feel in all that he ever said or did, "I wish I had your broad-minded way of looking at things." I did not take any credit to myself from this remark. I was "one of the fellows" through and through, and so could naturally interpret them, but Theodore Lee's large-minded fairness spoke in the words as his warm heart spoke in his grip and look. It was only natural that I should try to meet him half way by deciding to join the mission study class.

Another incident shows his persistence in advocating the consideration of the foreign missionary appeal. A classmate was giving the matter very serious thought at the end of his Senior year, but had reached

no decision. Theodore felt that the atmosphere of the Northfield Student Conference might help this man to a decision and so urged his attendance. Finally this classmate decided that he could not afford the expense of the conference. Another man would have felt compelled to accept this decision with regret. Not so Theodore Lee. He immediately offered to pay all the expenses himself. This classmate knew very well that Theodore could not afford to do this and would not accept the offer, but yielded to this last proof of Theodore's urgent desire to have him go to Northfield and went. At Northfield he made the final decision that led to a missionary career already rich in solid accomplishment.

Another writes:

To Theodore Lee more than to any other human agency I owe the greatest single decision of my life. For three years and more he labored with me. Naturally enough he was the first man to whom I told my decision and then he replied, his face fairly beaming, "I have been praying for you for years."

He could not win men without loving them, and under the spur of his purpose, his capacity for friendship knew no bounds. The following incident is most characteristic: "I was walking to chapel one very cold morning with my overcoat unbuttoned. Theodore caught up with me and noticing my coat, carefully buttoned it and then chided me gently for wasting so much animal heat and thereby running the risk of wasting time, by being sick." Another writes. "He was

always so respectful and courteous that even the worst men in his class rarely took any offense, so apparent was it that he was thinking of their highest welfare."

It was this devotion to the men in college that led him into the holy of holies of many a man's heart, causing many of us to feel in a very real way the sentiment expressed by Mrs. Browning

"The face of all the world,  
Is changed, I think,  
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul."

The genuine tenderness of the man appears in a letter written, to be sure some years after college, but reflecting nevertheless, his deep affectionate nature. It reads:

Dear Old Trueheart: We are so very joyful that you have found your own. How you helped and comforted me in my anxious love, and strengthened my faith and prayed with and for me. Dear old chap, I have not been so glad over anything for years.

Tennyson in his "In Memoriam" gives the line that came to many of his friends as we saw our friend pass on into the other world.

"Wherefore the man that with me trod  
This planet, was of noble type.  
Appearing e'er the times were right,  
That friend of mine who lived in God."

But Theodore's outstanding characteristic was his habit of faith. He was by no means unaware of the philosophical and critical problems of his day, and their

bearing upon the wisdom of a child-like faith in subjective and objective answer to prayer, to say nothing of the difficulty of believing in a personal God. His method of approach however was pragmatic, and during all the dark days of his intellectual wanderings in the class-room, he was being sustained and strengthened by what he firmly believed to be the actual result of his faith in a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. One of his professors testified, "I was always impressed by his simple and sturdy faith which was of the kind to remove mountains."

On one occasion during our Senior year, Lee invited me to take a walk with him, and our conversation naturally turned upon the questions which were of great interest to us both, namely, some of the subjects and problems which we were discussing in psychology. We had reached that point in the course where doubt had been cast upon the existence of any personal divine Being, and the capacity of the human mind to know anything except what was based on experiences gained through the senses. I recall as we were passing by a large tree that Lee turned to it and said, "God is as real to me as that tree."

Alden Clark, now a missionary in India and possibly Lee's most intimate college friend, writes,

Probably the most coveted honor of the Commencement season is the Hardy Prize for excellence in public debate. Theodore had not shown preeminent ability as a debater but was chosen one of the six competitors for this Hardy Prize. As he thought about it he saw

that the prestige of winning a debate where success would depend on ordered reasoning would help the foreign missionary cause, if so pronounced an advocate of foreign service as he should carry off the prize. His own missionary decision had been based on balanced reason. He had presented his case to the reason of his college mates in season and out for three years. Here was his final chance to win for his chosen cause public prestige, for he was aware that many in college still looked upon him as a missionary fanatic. Meditation and prayer brought the conviction that it was God's will that he should win this debate, and he set about his preparation with minutest care, but with utter confidence that he was to win. I tried to dissuade him, feeling sure that such faith was mistaken and was doomed to disappointment, but my protests were without effect and my open lack of faith did not blunt his trust. The debate took place. It so happened that I was on confidential terms with one of the judges and tried to find out the result before it was publicly announced. The reply he made was, of course, guarded and I misunderstood him to imply that Theodore had failed. I went to Theodore with this supposed information in order to prepare him for a disappointment, but my inference did not shake his assurance of success, and, sure enough, when the result was announced he had easily won the coveted honor.

Theodore was by no means perfect. His nature was so intense and his vision of the goal to be obtained so clear that now and then he drove both himself and his fellows too hard. His nature was fearless. Personal

consequences had little or no weight. If in his judgment a thing needed to be done and there seemed to be no one else ready or willing to do it, no matter how great the opposition, Lee was always ready for the fray.

Guiney in his great poem entitled "The King" pictures vividly Lee's attitude.

"While kings of eternal evil  
Yet darken the hills about,  
Thy part is with broken saber  
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear no sensible failure,  
Nor covet the game at all,  
But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
Die driven against the wall."

Men might question his wisdom and his tact but no classmate ever questioned his courage. He was a Puritan in the finest sense of the term and if occasionally he failed to reveal the tender human side of his nature, it was due, not to the lack of that element, but rather to his belief that just then, under those circumstances, the sterner work or act was more essential.

This stern, uncompromising attitude Theodore showed more markedly in the presence of the more vulgar sins and temptations of college life. It was due in no small part to the fierce struggles through which he battled in his own inner life.

"Well, let me sin, but not with my consenting,  
Well, let me die, but willing to be whole:—  
Never, O Christ, so stay me from relenting,  
Shall there be truce betwixt my flesh and soul."

He was so passionately in search of righteousness that it hurt him fearfully to see men deliberately choosing the evil.

"I shall never forget the loathing with which Lee described the sin—not the sinner—which a poor chap at East Northfield confessed to him in one of his talks. It was my first summer conference at East Northfield, and yet the one and only speech that I now recall was Lee's description of that fellow's awful plight." No deadlier enemy of vice ever entered Amherst College. The fellows were so aware of it that in his presence unclean things were rarely if ever mentioned. A college mate writes, "When his tall, rigid form moved through a company whether in the fraternity house or on the campus, we all felt instinctively that here was one who could be relied upon for truest, staunchest friendship, and unbending integrity."

My sorrow at hearing of Theodore Lee's untimely death was mingled with gratitude for the fact that it had been my privilege to know so white a soul. Like ozone, he unconsciously purified the atmosphere wherever he went, and I know of no one to whom I can more fitly apply the words of Sir Galahad, "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."

It was this purity of heart and soul that made him painfully conscious of evil in whatever form it may have appeared and compelled him to wage stern warfare against it, asking no quarter and giving none.

His method of attack, however, was always constructive. He spent little time in merely decrying evil.

Few college men knew as well as he the political, social, and moral problems of his day. He had studied them the world around, and pledged his life to work for their solution, but so convinced was he that Jesus' program was the only permanent panacea, and that the point of greatest human need was the place above all other places where this program should first be presented, that he gave himself untiringly to this single aim. "One thing I do" was his watchword and night and day he lived in utter loyalty to it. He suffered physically and mentally but he never lowered his standard or stopped in his endeavor.

"He was a hero; I do not think I have ever known a more consecrated life," writes one of his most intimate friends in college. His health was such that it often seemed doubtful to all save to him whether the foreign board would be able to send him to the field. A less determined man would have thought it the part of wisdom under such circumstances to say as little as possible about his life purpose. Not so Theodore Lee. His purpose was God given, and he was straightened until it should be accomplished. The sturdy onward drive of such a life it was a rare privilege to witness. Punch's lines regarding Livingstone's death might well be applied:

"'Tis the last mile of many thousands trod,  
With failing strength but never failing will,  
By the worn frame, now at his rest with God,  
That never rested with its strife with ill.

"Or if the ache of travel and of toil,  
Would sometimes wring a short, sharp cry of pain,  
From agony of fever, blain, or boil,  
'Twas but to crush it down, and on again."



THE CONSCIENCE OF UNION THEOLOGICAL  
SEMINARY

A manly man he was, of noble frame,  
Deliberate, well poised with ample power,  
That rose to meet the shock of sudden need.

A man great hearted, ardent, vivid, pure,  
With many a tender thought and impulse keen,  
And tidal rush of feeling, broad and deep.

A man devout and prayerful, serving God,  
Loving his word and people, all his work  
And all his workers, be they high or low.

A champion, born for fray; ne'er turning back  
Because the strife was hot, but striking hard,  
And fighting on, though left to fight alone.

A friend he was, how many mourn that friend  
So steadfast, so abounding, full of cheer,  
And strength and eager service of the soul.

The college and the church, the town, the hills,  
Men, rich and poor, friends, near and far will feel,  
In coming days a growing sense of loss.

For him the gain. Set free from bonds of flesh,  
'Rapt from the fickle and the frail, may he  
A servant strong abide with Thee, oh God."

S. G. BARNES.

## CHAPTER III

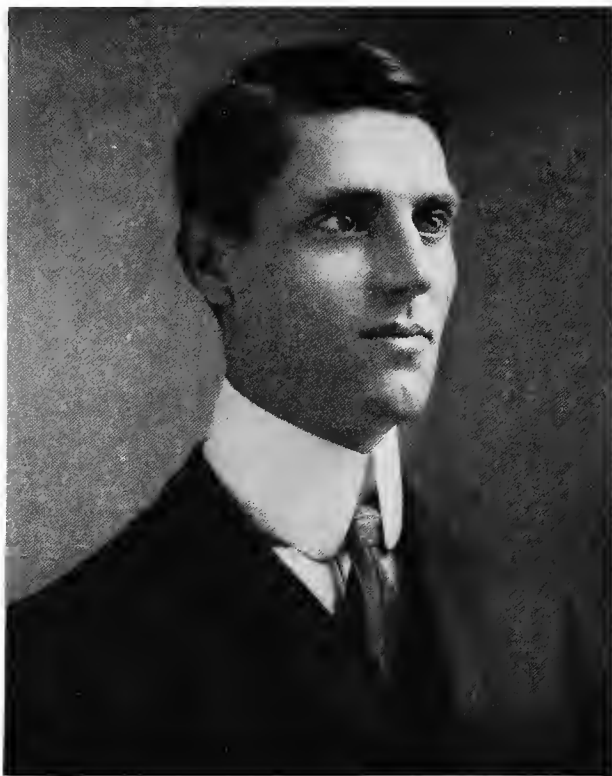
### THE CONSCIENCE OF UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THEODORE was graduated from Amherst in the Spring of 1900, and entered Union Theological Seminary the following Autumn with the class of 1903. The institution was then in its old quarters; a rather somber group of buildings, constructed of brick and sand-stone, and of a semi-Gothic appearance. There were some thirty men in his class and they represented, on the whole, a group who were above the average in both intellectual and personal qualifications. The first few weeks of seminary life, with its abrupt change from the joyous and irresponsible freedom, the pagan wholesomeness of college life, are trying ones. The class included graduates from many and diversified institutions, representing widely scattered localities and varying degrees of preparation, and all felt rather on trial with one another in those opening weeks.

Theodore did not immediately take an unquestioned place among the men in the front; frail in health and modest, for all his spiritual aggressiveness, his leadership was more of the real than the apparent sort. The writer's own first contact with him was most characteristic of his nature and spirit. There were

no elevators in the old dormitory but there was a freight lift, up which trunks, and other heavy pieces of luggage, could be somewhat painfully pulled by hand. Down in the basement one day, just after the term had opened, was Theodore, standing at the bottom of the lift and vigorously pulling on the rope to help another man with his slowly ascending goods. This was not precisely the sort of exercise one would prescribe for a boy with a weak heart, but it was quite in keeping with his nature to throw himself with generous imprudence into any opportunity to serve. One remembers that first impression of Theodore as of a clear eyed, resolute, and extraordinarily vital youth of unusual volitional power. His simplicity, his unswerving directness, the mature poise and steadiness of his nature, were at once perceptible.

Indeed, in the early days of acquaintance at Union, Theodore seemed chiefly the Puritan. The sense of the immediate leadership of God, that bright and inexorable will to do right, the austere devotion to duty—these are the things which in the beginning stood out clearest in his life at the Seminary and they were, of course, its fundamental characteristics. His ruling passion was not for wisdom nor learning, conscientious scholar though he was, but for truth and duty. He was glad to do God's will. He saw life primarily in terms of righteousness; therefore he seemed chiefly the Puritan because it was the ethical sense which was strongest in him. He was the conscience of the Seminary in his three years of student life there, and not infrequently many of his classmates were faintly irritated with one who was almost no less exacting with



THEODORE STORRS LEE



others than with himself. To those who had come up from the gracious, careless life of some of the colleges there was something almost as startling as it was arrestive in his high, undeviating will. He insisted that nothing mattered so much as fidelity; that nothing was so important as the transmission of an ethical and spiritual message and the emancipation of the race from ignorance and sin. Men might be happy and might be learned but first of all they must be right; right with their own souls, right with God.

But, as one came to know Theodore better, it was a surprise and a joy to see the variety of his interests. His was no narrow or puritanical nature in those student days. That cultivated indifference to beauty, that self-righteous depreciation of the lovely and gracious and creative aspects of life, which is so repellent a characteristic of the merely pietistic type, had no place in this rich and abounding personality. Thus his love of nature was one of his happiest characteristics. He was a very keen observer of everything in the out-door world. One learned many things from him, even in walks about Central Park, where these excursions revealed a really intimate knowledge of trees and birds, and a keen interest in shrubs and flowers. Again, he was very sensitive to the noble and enlarging influences of music and the drama, painting and sculpture. He writes in one of his letters: "There is nothing I enjoy more than vocal or instrumental music. I may not always be an intelligent listener and I know that much escapes me, yet I enjoy it all with savage delight!" Again he gives a party in his room one day, taking his friends with him

afterwards to see the Morality play of "Everyman," and refers in his letters to the pleasure and inspiration which the performance afforded. A close friend of his has written of the delight that he took, in these days at Union, in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts and of how they two went together one day to see Barnard's great statue, "I feel two natures struggling within me." Afterward they spent the remainder of the day among the other sculptures of the museum and his friend, who was something of a connoisseur in these matters, writes of Theodore's intelligent admiration and instinctive understanding of these works of art. The same thing came out in him when once attending a concert of the Musical Arts Society. These concerts attract only the cultivated lovers of classical music, but Theodore enjoyed the evening with discriminating appreciation.

Another most lovable, though often disconcerting trait, which appeared in these student days was his unconventional directness of manner which sometimes expressed itself in writing in a sort of quaint and hearty humor. Thus he would whimsically make light of his physical ailments, never disguising them, but frankly and humorously accepting them. He had great vividness of speech at times, of this half amusing, wholly direct sort. Thus he writes when work is pressing hard and his health uncertain: "I feel like a man swimming in sea-weed." And another time referring to some seminary tests he says: "I came through my examinations swimmingly—that is, with my nose above water!" Again he writes referring to his health, "My head is above water, although once

or twice during the month the waves have come up and filled my eyes and nose and I thought I was drowned. Now I know enough to hold my breath and tread water."

But the noblest attribute of Theodore's seminary life was his beautiful capacity for tenderness and affection. In December, 1900, his sister, Grace, between whom and himself there had been a very close and precious bond, died. Speaking of her not many months after, he pointed to the bright red tie he was wearing, saying that she had bought it for him and, thinking it becoming, liked him to use it and so he was wearing it for her. It was like his fine hatred for pretence and mere convention that he expressed his loving remembrance of his sister in wearing the red tie, which she gave him and not the usual mourning band. A letter written to his father and mother soon after his sister's death brings out very beautifully the tenderness of his nature.

I never left home with so much reluctance or so much conscious love for those I was leaving as last Thursday. You have lost more in Grace than I can ever make up to you, but I am conscious that I have gained in love and affection and tenderness something that has always been latent until now. We all love you no less than Grace did and we do not want you to think that you have lost anything of warm affection or appreciation. The best is yet to be, the last of life for which the first was lived.

And there were times when he himself, with his great capacity for outgiving, depended also upon the

blessed human touch, craving the affection of his peers. In a letter written during these days he says :

You cannot imagine how much it means to one so conscious of faults, limitations of body, mind and heart, to receive assurances of confidence and affection. It is the love which quickens one's heart and gives me confidence in myself and hope for my work.

It is perhaps clear then, how rich and many sided his student life was. Walking down Madison Avenue one day and passing a very large and beautiful dwelling which attracted his admiration and interest he went up to the great entrance, rang the bell and asked the well appointed man-servant who opened the door the name of the owner. Having been told that it belonged to Mr. Louis Tiffany, he thanked the servant and walked off again! Yet this impulsive, direct and unconventional man could be as tender and protective of human life, as able to idealize and believe in it, as any woman. It was shortly after this time that, returning with Mr. Tinker from dinner one evening, he came upon a man asleep on a rubbish heap who was helplessly intoxicated. Mr. Tinker and he took the man to the Seminary, fed him, put him to bed, re-clothed him by means of contributions gathered from the other members of the institution, kept him there thirty-six hours and looked after him until he was on his feet again. They did not lose sight of him but encouraged him to make a fresh start at his work—he was a carpenter—and to go back to his wife and children and do something towards their support. Nearly a decade afterward, when this man heard of

Theodore's death, he insisted on returning to Mrs. Lee the ten dollars which he said Theodore had given him out of his slender student's store, with which to make a new start.

But the two great events which dominated Theodore's life at Union Seminary were his acceptance and subsequent appointment by the American Board and his engagement to Miss Hannah Hume, the daughter of the veteran statesman-missionary of the Bombay Mission. Theodore had come up to Union an ardent Student Volunteer, his whole life passionately set on foreign missionary service. It was for some time uncertain, owing to his precarious health, whether or not he would be accepted by any mission board and sent out to the fatigues and dangers of the foreign field. Much of his conversation in those days had to do with this, his heart's desire, of serving Christ in a foreign land, and many were the disappointments and delays which came to him before his acceptance was secure. Nearly all of his letters make mention of his ardent prayers that he may be permitted to undertake missionary service and, in most of his intercourse with his fellow-students, one felt that he never forgot that life purpose and that he was always on the look-out for new recruits whom he might win to the missionary ranks. Unusual precaution was taken by the American Board over his appointment owing to what proved to be, in him, a congenital weak heart. At one time, after receiving a letter from the Prudential Committee throwing some doubt upon his appointment owing to this physical disability, Dr. Barton writes that he replied with a courage that bordered upon the heroic.

He then expressed the hope that, in response to eight years of expectant preparation and prayer, the Lord had some work for him to do in the place of greatest need, and he declared his faith that he should yet be sent into the foreign field. He gave as his reason for wanting to go into foreign missionary work that the need was so great while the numbers offering themselves were so inadequate. Also he said that he owed it to Jesus Christ Himself, as well as to those who sit in darkness, to pass on to them that which he had received in such full measure. He used to talk much about this sublime ambition. At one time, in true Puritan fashion, he went through with a severe self-examination to ascertain whether or not his desire to be a missionary was based upon any selfish motive. He came to the conclusion that, if he at all understood his own heart, his longing to go to the ends of the earth was only that he might take a saving knowledge of the Christ he loved and served to those who knew Him not. It was therefore a never to be forgotten day in his life when under date of April 8, 1903, he writes "To-day I have had my examination before the Manhattan Ministerial Association and I suppose that the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. acted on my application for foreign service yesterday." Then on May 19th of the same year he writes, "I have been accepted by the American Board and feel that God has indeed been good to me."

But the most beautiful event of his Seminary years was his meeting with the sister of his dear friend and classmate, Mr. Ernest Hume. Miss Hannah Hume had been graduated from Wellesley in 1900, the same

year that Theodore received his degree at Amherst. After teaching for a year at Northfield she went to New Haven to live with her aunt and grandmother and to enter into mission work with the former. Theodore had once said of Mr. Ernest Hume: "If ever I meet a girl like Ernest I'll marry her, if she'll let me." It was in May of the year 1902 that he first met Hannah and at once, on his part, there was a consciousness of profound attraction. For in a letter of about that time he writes: "It makes me a lot of trouble this heart of mine. I don't understand it at all. I am trying to find out just what the matter is. Is it reality or an illusion, fact or fancy, a sane man's vision or a lovely dream? Such are my questionings. If I wake up I think, and in the morning I think, and during lectures I think. Perhaps there is nothing in it, but I wish there was!"

In the Fall of that year, shortly after Thanksgiving, 1902, Theodore met Miss Hume again at a picnic held in the November woods. At this gathering a picture was taken of the party in which Theodore was sitting on a fallen tree looking earnestly at Miss Hume. It happened to be the best picture he had ever had and his mother, when he got home, told him that if that was the way he looked when he looked at Miss Hume he had better keep on looking, and he replied "I intend to."

For several reasons, however, there was not much opportunity for further acquaintance or correspondence during the Winter. But in the month of April, 1903, both Miss Hume's aunt and grandmother died and the way seemed clear for a more vigorous prosecu-

tion of his suit. On his way home from the Seminary that year, he stopped off in New Haven for two days or more. Meanwhile his father had been anxious over the thought of his going to the foreign field unmarried. He had chosen China for his lifework and was already assigned to Shaowu. One day he went into his father's study and showed him a letter from Dr. Judson Smith, which read: "Tomorrow the Prudential Committee will formally and finally appoint you missionary to Shaowu. Have you anything more to say?" Theodore said that he was going to telegraph Dr. Smith, asking for a delay: "Why," said his father, "it has all been settled these two months." Theodore replied, "I am going down to New Haven to see Hannah Hume, and if she will go with me to the end of the world it may be best for me to go to India." Two days later he sent word that he had secured Miss Hume's consent to be his wife and to accompany him abroad. Theodore's assignment was then changed from China to India.

This was all in June, 1903; they were married October 1st of that year in the United Church in New Haven. In the absence of Miss Hume's father her brother, Ernest, brought her forward and gave her away. Theodore's brother, Gerald, escorted the groom, and the marriage service was performed by the Rev. Samuel H. Lee of Springfield, Theodore's father.

Theodore and Hannah went up to Pleasant Valley, his mother's childhood home, for a brief honeymoon. Theodore was ordained October 20th of this same year and on November 15th he and his wife sailed for India.

As one looks back over those three years of close and beautiful association with this high and ardent spirit one chiefly remembers the purity and the tenderness of his soul. Theodore was inexorable with sin, but very tender with the sinner. There was not the slightest trace in him of self-righteousness, nothing whatever of the patronizing spirit. He was often didactic, very strenuous in his demands upon himself and his expectations of others, but always humble, devout, absolutely honest and honorable in every human relationship. During the Senior year at Union quite a group of congenial spirits roomed upon the top floor of the dormitory, "5th Avenue" they used to call it. Each evening they met together for a brief prayer meeting, nor could this devotional service ever have been maintained in unbroken continuity had not Theodore's vital glowing faith been ever behind it. Few memories are at once so precious and so poignant as those of these beginning days when all looked wistfully forward, from out the sheltering academic walls, to the life of the Christian ministry. That his classmates were sometimes able to conceive of that life in the heroic terms of a conquering and sacrificial service was in no small measure due to the influence and personality of Theodore Storrs Lee.



WINNING THE FRIENDSHIP OF LEADERS  
IN A HINDU STRONGHOLD

Stanza from the memorial poem in Marathi composed by one of Theodore Lee's Indian friends, the distinguished poet, Rev. Narayan Vaman Tilak.

|                       |                                   |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| थिआडोर लो दिव्यवल्लरी | <i>thiāḍor lī divyavallārī</i>    |
| क्षणैक आली गेली       | <i>kṣaṇaika ālī gelī</i>          |
| स्वर्गधरेला परिरंभुन  | <i>svargadharelā pariraṁbhuna</i> |
| जो चढली स्वर्गो रमली  | <i>jō cadhalī svargīṁ ramalī</i>  |
| ज्ञाच्या मधुसुमनो     | <i>jñeyā madhusumanīṁ</i>         |
| गंधित वारा अजुनो      | <i>gāndhita vārā ajunī.</i>       |

Translation: (by Mr. Tilak.)

“A divine vine comes to this earth, and in a moment finds its way upward; it binds the heaven and the earth in its embrace, and finally, reaching heaven, rests there. Its sweet blossoms have suffused the atmosphere with their fragrance to this day: that vine is Theodore Lee.”

## CHAPTER IV

### WINNING THE FRIENDSHIP OF LEADERS IN A HINDU STRONGHOLD

WE come now to what was for Theodore Lee the beginning of the fulfilment of his life purpose. He had given himself to the cause of missions with remarkable intensity of devotion. Few men had overcome such obstacles to the attainment of their aim as he had. Who can adequately appreciate the emotions that filled his heart as, after a safe journey, in December, 1903, the land of India came in sight? \* Can we not picture his tall, erect figure as he looked toward the land of his longings, his eyes and whole face lit with the spiritual exaltation that came to him in times of great significance? How great was his gratitude to God for this culmination of the struggle and this reward of the faith of a dozen years, he makes clear in his letters. In one he says:

At the beginning of 1903 there were some things written down in my diary that were the simple claims of faith. Now, as I sometimes look at it and think back a little, the way in which all these have been realised is full of inspiration for both the present and the future. We are here. Our connection with the home

\* For account of the events immediately preceding his journey to India see the beginning of Chapter VII, "Hands Across the Sea."—Editor.

land give us a sense of fellowship and support that frees us from the feeling that I think must come to some missionaries, that no one in particular cares much for them or the work into which they are putting their lives.

He did not come to his missionary career as most men come, to find everything new and unexpected. It had been one of his delights during all these years, not only to read everything that came to his hand in regard to missions but to seek out every missionary he could find and, by questioning, find out many details of missionary life. Mrs. Lee had her store of childhood's memories and family experience to contribute. His mind and imagination had played upon all this missionary knowledge to such an extent, that, strange as many things were bound to be to him, fundamentally he felt himself at home in India from the start. Yet he was the more able and alert to assimilate all new impressions because he already had such an unusual stock of missionary images and information.

Of the warm welcome and the garlandings by the missionaries and Christian community of Bombay little need be said. Mrs. Lee's grandparents and her uncle and aunt had labored in Bombay for years, and their memory was greatly revered. A cousin was at the time a missionary in Bombay. Thus there was an unusual personal warmth and sense of home coming in the welcome.

It was quite to be expected that Theodore's ministry should begin almost as soon as he landed and in personal work. On the first Sunday he gave in the high

school hall a talk on "Devotion to Christ," which had in America brought some strong men to definite decisions for the Christian life. There had strayed into the Indian audience an English soldier of dissolute life, whose attention was arrested and whose will was stimulated to fresh endeavor by the address. Theodore gave himself to this man with the generosity that always characterized his work for individuals. Not only now but for a long time afterwards, by personal intercourse and by correspondence, he conserved his influence over this soldier. The incident, coming when it did, had especial significance. It ushered in his missionary career with blessing and promise.

The next months were spent in the large missionary center of Ahmednagar in the home of Mrs. Lee's parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Hume. Here language study and general adjustment to life as Indian missionaries were the first duties. Dr. Hume took his son-in-law with him into the District and shared with him his broad outlook and his rich experience of Indian people and missionary problems. The young missionary valued this rare opportunity to the full and not only during this first year, but throughout his life in India, turned to Dr. Hume for counsel in all critical matters.

Anyone who knew Theodore Lee will appreciate that his interest could never entirely center itself in language study. He could not keep himself from active Christian service. His keen eye was upon all the life about him, not only with a desire to learn, but also with a view to help. His first printed letter was an appreciation of educational missionary work, especially referring to industrial education. Soon the open-

ing of the Ahmednagar Women's Hospital furnished an opportunity for a long appreciative letter about medical work. He came to see the need of having in Ahmednagar a Young Men's Christian Association for the Christian young men of every type, educated and uneducated, with whom he contrived, by teaching a Bible class, by occasional addresses through an interpreter, and by personal intercourse, to get into relations, and over whom he quickly secured an influence. A trip to Vadala, in the heart of a great village work, which had far outgrown the powers of one missionary family adequately to supervise, made him want especially to invest his life there. Similar visits to other stations made him realize in each some peculiar and great need to which his heart responded. He wrote that he wished that he had ten lives and could spend one in work in each of these places. Indeed it was a matter of principle with him to keep fresh his sympathy with the work of all his associates. He wrote "A Mission is an organism and you can understand the place of our work better if you understand the work that our other missionaries are doing."

But from the start the need of Wai had appealed to him most vividly. Here again his own character was revealed. Wai is a center of Brahminical culture and of Hindu orthodoxy. It lies in the heart of a district of similar type. Here results of mission work had been few. Opposition and persecution had been keen. Work here was like plowing the heavy Indian soil after the tropical sun has beaten upon and baked the surface for months. Vadala, which also needed him, was at the opposite extreme, a place where friendliness pre-



TEMPLE OF GAN PATI, WAI



vailed, and where on all sides people desired to become Christian. The ground was soft and ready. Indeed in many places all that was needed was to gather in the crop.

Theodore clearly saw the strategic importance of thorough work in the Vadala field, but the strategy that called out his highest enthusiasm was to attack prejudice and Hindu orthodoxy in its citadel, to spend his life in seeking to develop in Wai a state of friendliness and receptivity and to win a Christian community such as there are at present about Vadala and similar stations. Well he knew that the work would be discouraging and difficult, calling for faith, probably unnourished by large visible results, but he felt that the Christian Church greatly needed the religious devotion and sturdy character of the people of the Satara and Wai districts, and that these districts most needed his ministry. He wrote, "It is one of the toughest up-hill places in the mission. On the other hand there is no place where so much needs to be done." And again, "These things have two meanings to us. First, that the people will not be easy to reach, and, secondly, that they have the stuff in them that makes them very much worth all that it may cost to win them. This can be done."

The Mission honored their strong inclination for Wai by locating Mr. and Mrs. Lee in this station in May of 1904.

The desire to do the hard thing, shown in this preference, was due to no mere evanescent, sentimental enthusiasm, but there was back of it the tenacity of grip and the capacity for the daily round of duties of

heroic and victorious faith. Theodore wrote in the early days that he wanted to spend thirty years of steady work in Wai. Soon after, in copying a long sanitary report about Wai, he wrote, "I am trying to find out all I can and hope in a few years to know more about everything than any other man in the place." In another letter, after speaking of the delights of the journey out, he says, "It is a great privilege to travel, yet if I were given free passes on all the steamship lines and railroads in the world I would rather settle right down in Wai and spend a life of full days working for men and Christ."

From these and many other possible quotations it is clear that this man of apostolic spirit looked upon his choice of Wai as a choice for life, if possible. He approached the work there with that mingling of poetic imagination, keen determination and personal affection which gave a distinctive quality to his missionary attitude. Soon after arriving he wrote his church a vivid description of its beautiful location, nestling among the mountains, of its noble history, of its five hundred priests, of its prejudices and its glaring needs, and in this letter he expresses the spirit in which he approached his work there in the following paraphrase:—

"God gives all men all earth to love,  
But since man's heart is small,  
Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
Beloved over all.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Wai, far from the sea.

“God gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordained for each one spot should prove  
Beloved over all;  
That as He watched Creation’s birth,  
So we, in Godlike mood,  
May of our love create our earth  
And see that it is good.”

One of the aspects of the situation which gave Mr. and Mrs. Lee greatest satisfaction was the close association it gave them with Mrs. Sibley and Miss Gordon, who had opened the Wai Station in 1892 and had, except for times of furlough, been associated in its work ever since. It was to their home that the Lees went in Wai. These two ladies had in their charge an orphanage, a station school, several day schools for high caste girls, a group of Bible women and preachers in Wai itself and a number of schools in the villages about. Mr. Lee writes of them: “Though they would prefer to have me keep silent, you must be told a little of our colleagues here. They have built up this work from far below the surface. The lofty atmosphere of a beautiful, Christian home, which surrounds these orphan boys and girls, emanates from their loving and abiding lives.” Then followed a long and beautiful description of the missionary work of these two devoted ladies whose quiet work, especially for the women in the homes of Wai, in the mission schools and in the district, formed an invaluable preparation for the aggressive campaign soon to be initiated among the men.

One sentence in this letter touches on an aspect of Theodore’s own character which might surprise those

who had known him only as an intense missionary enthusiast. He says, "If we get moody or blue, it will not be because there is not an ample flow of humor at our table." This flow of humor came from all sides, but Theodore's contribution was not the least. Mrs. Sibley and Miss Gordon had been praying for a male missionary associate for years and they and all the district workers welcomed the Lees with unfeigned joy and thankfulness.

The opening events of his life and work in Wai did not promise well for his popularity with the mature, educated leaders. The first results of the coming of the new missionary to Wai which were visible to its citizens were a fresh vigor in the pressing of the street preaching, the distribution of tracts, and the other activities of regular evangelistic work. No amount of disturbance or opposition was allowed by the intrepid missionary for a moment to interfere with this work, which was pressed in the very heart of the old Brahmin quarter of the city. That the attitude of the people was at first one of suspicion and opposition is clear in many ways. Parents forbade their boys going to visit the missionary. Brahmins roughly called children from the crowd which was listening to street preaching. Gangs of boys, almost surely with the secret approval of their fathers, ran up and down the street, shouting disrespectful comments in front of a house where the missionary was showing lantern pictures of Christ. Mission schools had to be closed because orthodox leaders induced parents to remove their children. The entire outlook seemed dark indeed. It almost looked as though the effects of the many years

of devoted service already spent in Wai, instead of being conserved and strengthened, were being dissipated by the coming of the new missionary. What was it that transformed all this and won for Theodore the place that he so soon held in the esteem and affection of the city's leaders? We shall now try briefly to answer that question.

Much of the brief five years of Theodore's work in Wai, 1904-08, especially at first, had to be devoted to language study. Furthermore, his effective work was cut into by a severe breakdown in November of 1906, the effects of which tried his spirit and hampered his activity severely for many months and, indeed, extended to the end of his missionary career. During a part of the time, moreover, the missionaries and Indian workers of Wai and Satara were laboring under the discouragement of knowing that their mission, on account of financial difficulties, was considering giving to some other mission the work in these stations. Yet, with all these obstacles, the influence which Theodore Lee exerted in Wai and the district, during this brief period, was of a quality and an extent which excite our wonder.

The first to feel this influence markedly were some high caste young men and high school boys who began coming to see him almost from the start. From two to twelve of them came every afternoon. He was well aware that the original motive of most was merely to improve their English, but he welcomed them, whatever their motive, in order that he might have an opportunity of influence. These boys came just as the day's language study was over and the

time for exercise, so necessary in India, had come, but they were never turned away. Theodore wrote about them: "If we have in any degree neglected our health during the past year it is because we could not bear to turn them away, even if it would have been better not to have whipped up a tired brain at the end of a hot day's study and cut exercise in order to talk with them. But it paid." These hours when he whipped up his tired brain to read and walk and pray with these boys and young men were revolutionary in the lives and ideals of some of them. This is what Theodore means by saying, "It paid." Not one of them has as yet taken the final step into open Christian profession, which would mean the uprooting of all his social life and would bring upon him a subtle and far reaching type of persecution, but some came to love and worship Jesus Christ as the supreme religious teacher, and to see in Christianity the hope of India. May the prayer and love and vital energy which Theodore spent on these young men yet come to its complete fruitage in fearless, open profession by some of them!

If one asks what it was that led these young men to come day after day to talk with the Western missionary, in something he wrote we have at least a partial answer. He said, "I have been getting acquainted with some of the most earnest young men. I like them. They have something, perhaps, which I have not and can help me in what I try to do." He liked them and was frankly ready to learn as well as teach. He sought real fellowship in a way so winning that few could resist it.

A few months after the arrival of the Lees in Wai that city was visited by an epidemic of plague, which Theodore thus describes:

The plague is all about us. Within a hundred and fifty feet of our door a man has lost his wife and three children, while he is left alone with his mother. One of the boys who used to walk and talk English with me is convalescing, but his father and five uncles with their wives are gone. The head of the Government dispensary, the Secretary of the Municipality, this one and that family—971 up to this Thanksgiving day—are gone as smoke and ashes to be reincarnated as dogs, cats, cobras, or possibly a Brahmin. Some at twelve and fifteen years of age are left to Hindu widowhood. One has said, "Why did He take my husband and six children? Why did He not take me? Cursed be He." Most of these people believe in a Supreme being as absolutely as they believe in their idols. Their faith is as strong and immovable as it is blind and pessimistic. "To tarito, marito, sarwa karito"—He saves, He kills, He does all things. "If I am to die it is my *nashib*—fate. I will not be inoculated."

Later on in his Wai experience came another similar epidemic. These terrible visitations called out Theodore's deepest sympathy. He sought to help in every way in his power, among other things putting his own conveyance at the disposal of the authorities. Such acts served to show the leaders in Wai that they had in their new missionary not merely an insistent and tireless Christian preacher, but a friend and public spirited

citizen. This became more and more evident as his service in Wai continued. He associated himself with all the best interests of the town, was later appointed a member of the Municipal Council, the body which administers the Government in Indian towns, and was chosen chairman of the school committee and member of the small subcommittee called the managing committee, in whose hands most of the authority rests. This involved a very large expenditure of time and thought, but his aim to be the best citizen of Wai and so win friendship and a sympathetic hearing for the Christian message, led this intense young missionary to accept it all gladly.

In a letter to Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall he tells of these things in so interesting a way that we quote it at length:

Today I want to tell you of the unusual opportunities that seem to have come to me this year. I have gone into politics with a vengeance. I am a Municipal Councillor and a member of the Managing Committee. More than this, I was made Chairman of the Municipal Schools. There is no place in the city I should like more than this. While I am only learning my work and am tried by my mistakes and inefficiency, still I am very happy in the opportunities that the position gives me to influence the teachers and the boys of the city. There are no more important people to reach than these two classes and, that a great work can be done by a sympathetic man with Christian ideals, I am absolutely sure. I can and will change the suspicious and bitter attitude toward foreigners and Christianity to one

of trust and respect. This is but the door to the place where the enquiring spirit is aroused and I find myself talking about Jesus Christ to someone who wants to hear and wants to learn.

I shall as far as I have an opportunity make contact with school boys a means of meeting parents and getting at them.

These positions have given me contact with the leading and best and most thoughtful men in the city. For example, I went to see the Chairman of the Managing Committee. I found him with a life insurance agent, his father, an ex-secretary of Holkar and an author. I did my business and then we all had a long frank, intimate talk on the Christ and His gospel. Not only are all the vernacular schools going to be under me and be my great opportunity for influence and personal work, but also the High School, that has the picked boys who are going to have English education and be the influential men in making India and promoting the Kingdom of God or opposing it, is coming under my influence.

What cannot God do? Why not look for larger things than we ask for? Last year we were distressed. Opposition, which is not wholly dead yet, was spoiling out-mission schools and was discouraging us. We could do nothing but pray that they be spared. All but one of them are going today. Two are in poor condition, one is growing beyond former proportions and the others have almost regained their former standing. And last November, when I felt that the whole of Wai and Satara depended on me, God took hold of my heart and said "Stop." I came to feel that there was One who would look out for Wai

and the strain in my heart eased down. I have not been of much use for a long time. But God has, and instead of letting these misguided people break up our Christian schools, He has given all of their schools, their boys and their girls into my hands. The two leaders in the opposition voted for me. They have been here several times. I talked two hours and three quarters with one of them the other day like a brother. I have not got him yet, but he is learning. . . .

I am in very close touch with the leading political agitators here. They are young men. I am a young man and am American. I believe in liberty, but these fellows do not know what it is. I talk by the hour with them and I am delighted by the way they take my ideas. The way to make India a free India is for them to become morally free, free from ignorance, superstition, and vice; free in the sense that Christ spoke of in John 8: 22. They begin with politics. I ended with one yesterday by giving him a copy of your lectures, which I am tardily reading, absorbing their sweet, true spirit and finding them very illuminating.

Some leaders just came to see me and I spent two hours in answering the question, "What is the secret of the power of the Christian religion?" There were many other questions which arose, but, in an imperfect way, I believe I made those gentlemen both see and feel that the love of Jesus Christ for them and the love of the disciple for Him, as the crucified and living Word, were the powers of the Christian religion, which God was using to bring the world to Himself.

The Chairman is an ex-professor of Elphinstone College and an ex-member of the Bom-

bay Municipality. At his request I have loaned him a Testament, a copy of your last lectures, and my copy of Fairbairn's "Philosophy of the Christian Religion." He has begun with Fairbairn. I pray that he may end up with the Testament.

It was his vigor in street preaching, and the inexorable way that all conversations with the missionary led around to the claims of Christ to the complete allegiance of Indians, that account for the vigorous opposition at first. It is these also which make more remarkable the breaking down of prejudice against him and the development of his positive popularity within the five short years of his stay in Wai.

Probably the greatest influence in the change was his good citizenship. How he showed this in plague time we have mentioned. He also allied himself with public spirited citizens and succeeded in getting some liquor shops removed from the town. In the same way the public social evil was successfully dealt with. He gave his influence and ability to the securing of needed sanitary reform. It was partly by his help that the fine new English school in Wai was started. He performed his duties as Chairman of the School Committee with great efficiency, visiting the thirteen schools faithfully and at irregular times, and enforcing promptness and proper discipline among the teachers with strictness mingled with kindness. A gentleman, for many years a member of the school committee, says that Mr. Lee was never angry, never partial, always kindly, and was the ablest and most popular Chairman they had ever had. But what did more than anything else to

give him his position with some of the leading citizens of Wai was his outspoken defence of the Municipality against very grave charges on account of which its privileges seemed on the point of being taken away by the higher authorities. Many in Wai and in Satara believe that it was Mr. Lee's influence which saved the city at that crisis from disgrace, and preserved to it its Municipal privileges.

Yet his influence on the public life of the city was not only due to the fact that he himself helped in many ways, significant as was the service he was able to render to the city. It was also that his words and example helped to develop in some of the educated leaders a public spirit which was new. Many of them gladly acknowledge their debt to him in these matters. He taught them, they say, that the position of a Brahmin was not merely one of privilege but one of duty, that they should be foremost in serving their city and land and especially that they should not despise the outcaste people but seek to raise them.

His staunch defence of Wai with the Government gave Theodore Lee a hearing in his attempts to interpret the English Government as well as Western democracy in general to the citizens of Wai. To one who is familiar with the extent to which in times of high feeling credulity is stretched in believing evil against those of different opinion, even in the Western lands, it will not seem strange that there is always a vast amount of misunderstanding between patriotic Indians and the English Government, misunderstanding which at times breaks out in most extreme forms. Happily the greater share in Government which has

recently been given to Indians is doing much to lessen this misunderstanding, but Theodore Lee's service in Wai was at a time when unrest and wild political propaganda were on the increase. Wai was considered to be a hot bed of sedition. Herein lay the chance so effectively taken by this many-sided missionary to play the mediator. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall was so impressed by this aspect of his work, during his visit to India in 1906-07, that on his return to America he made it the central point in missionary addresses to Amherst students and to the people of the White Plains Church. The leading citizens of Wai gratefully acknowledge that Theodore Lee not only made them understand the West better, but that he made them understand the British Government of India better. As one of them wrote in a letter of warm appreciation to this exponent of the West,—“Through this company of yours I began to see the bright side of the Western people and was enabled to write articles charitably, which I scarcely did before.”

And yet we must not attribute the remarkable change of attitude of the leaders of Wai to their missionary entirely to his public work. With many of them this was undoubtedly the strongest influence, but with many more there soon grew up a personal respect and affection, due to his rare qualities as a man of religion and to his own deep passion for personal intercourse. Although intimate personal contact with the mature leaders in Wai did not develop so spontaneously or so soon as that with the boys and young men, yet it developed along similar lines and with marked effect. In many cases he sought out these men in their own

houses, as well as receiving calls from them. One of the leading gentlemen recently said, "Mr. Lee was not only a friend in my house, but he was a *familiar* friend, visiting us about once a week. He tried to gather the thoughts of others, and wanted to learn as well as teach. His conversation produced the desire to think of other religions. He convinced us that ours was not the best. He lent me many religious books which I read with my friends." Another said, "He did not spend his time in fault finding. Even the orthodox leaders were friendly to him. He brought out religious points in a manner not offensive, emphasizing points of agreement, like the need of a Guru (religious master)." From these quotations and those already made from the letter to Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, it will be clear that his public service only partly accounted for Theodore's influence with the leaders in Wai. Those with whom his influence was deepest were attracted to him not only as a citizen but as a man of God and a single-minded disciple of Jesus Christ.

We must now jump over intervening years. The mission felt compelled to send the Lees to Satara in 1909, and their close connection with Wai ceased at that time. More than two years later a cable message from America brought to the people of Wai the news that their one time fellow citizen had died while on furlough. That many should express a sense of loss might have been expected. The length and great appreciation of the obituary notice in the Wai paper entitled, "Rev. Mr. Lee gone to be with Christ," though certainly unusual and very gratifying, was not, perhaps, unprecedented. The most noteworthy aspect of

the city's attitude to this foreigner, who had some years before spent a brief period as its citizen, was that his death was looked upon as a reason for public mourning. All the Municipal Schools of Wai were closed on the day when the news of his death reached the city. We have made many inquiries but have heard of no other city which has ever shown the memory of any missionary such honor as this orthodox stronghold thus showed to the memory of Theodore Lee. In his five short, intense years of service in Wai he had overcome prejudice and won a hearing for the message of the Master, such as he himself had at first thought it might take fifty years to do, and at his death the city rose up to pay a unique and impressive tribute to his memory.



THE WEAPONS OF CHRISTIAN BROTHER-  
HOOD

A prayer from one of the early scriptures of Hinduism.

|                      |                                 |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| असतो मा सद्गमय       | <i>asato 'mā sad gamaya</i>     |
| तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गम   | <i>tamaso mā jyotir gamaya</i>  |
| मृत्योर्मा ऽमृतं गमय | <i>mṛtyor mā 'amṛtaṁ gamaya</i> |

Translation from the Sanskrit:

“From the unreal lead me to the real.  
From darkness lead me to light.  
From death lead me to immortality.”

— Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad. 1.3.27.  
(Sacred Books of the East. Vol. xv.)

## CHAPTER V.

### THE WEAPONS OF CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD

THIS chapter is devoted to a consideration of certain of Theodore's characteristics and methods of work, which are grouped together here as a sort of appendix to the narrative of the preceding chapter.

We may well begin with the hard struggle which tested Theodore's own powers as a student—that most difficult and most necessary first problem, the language. He had come to the field later than most men. He had no great aptitude for a foreign language. He knew from the start that here was to be one of his great problems. He set about solving it with the same method, determination and quiet enthusiasm with which he had attacked every other hard problem of his life. From the start he put a strong emphasis on the Biblical vocabulary that he felt must always be his specialty. Here is a thoroughgoing programme which he laid out for himself after some experience had given him an understanding of what he needed. We may be sure that he spared no pains in carrying it out:

- “1. Get vocabulary of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts, the Third Reader.
2. Write all kinds of sentences and stories in Marathi.

3. Write out parsing in Marathi.
4. Read aloud at sight, close book and repeat and write what has been read.
5. *Get sentences.*
6. Hear, see, think, speak, write, act a new word or construction.
7. Don't be afraid or ashamed to make mistakes.
8. Write something, which is an expression of your own thoughts."

There are two aspects of his language study besides its inherent difficulty to him that make it worthy of mention. One was his untiring faithfulness in it and the other was his emphasis, even here, on the spiritual. He was, perhaps, more keenly aware than anyone else of the obstacle that the language presented, and he set about making up for any defects of ear and tongue by sheer power of enthusiasm and will. Toward the beginning he wrote:

Every trip that I have taken and every work that I have seen has sent me home to sail into the language with greater earnestness. If only theological seminaries could give to the students the incentive to study Hebrew that I find for the study of Marathi, there would soon be no room at the top of the classes. Motive makes the study easy. One regrets not that he has to study whole days, but that he cannot study whole nights also. I am to be congratulated that I am to have a first class opportunity to study in Wai.

Even after he had been a missionary for over five years and had gone to the exacting work at Satara, he

would still take from one hour to two hours in the middle of the day, when interruptions were least frequent and when a regard for his own physical need would have led him to rest, for work on the language with a "pandit." About this time he wrote from the hill station of Mahableshwar, after a year of peculiarly exhausting work, when most men would have sought a period of entire rest, that he had just completed reading the New Testament in Marathi. After the early part of his voyage home, dragged down as he was by the fever that finally brought him to his death bed, he wrote that he had just completed reading Romans in Marathi. Anyone who has taken an ocean voyage in a semi-invalid condition will appreciate the inflexible determination that lay back of that bit of language study.

The spiritual emphasis in his study is clear from this constant use of the Bible. He committed to memory and had at command a large amount of his Marathi New Testament. A remarkable fact was that early he developed an ease and command in prayer in Marathi which was superior to his fluency in speech, and which was an inspiration to the Wai workers. They told him with wonder that they could follow and share his prayers far better than his conversation. Writing about his language he once said: "I have no reason to be discouraged and hope in time to give my message, not only in Marathi, but in the language that is superior to the tongues of men and of angels." That he succeeded was made evident by the way the Brahmins of Satara would stop to listen to his street preaching. What was it that attracted these people, so fastidious as to their

language and so proudly superior in their religious attitude? We have asked a number of the Brahmin leaders in Satara about this. From their replies we have concluded that it was in part that Theodore had a thoughtful, carefully prepared message, which he was able to give in well selected, forceful language. But it was also that his Marathi was transfused by his personality, that he had a genuine spiritual message, such as India will always listen to, that he spoke, as had hoped, "not only in Marathi but in the language that is superior to the tongues of men and of angels."

Personal dealing with individuals was from his high school days onward his dominant passion. He loved this work, and he spent on it such constant thought and prayer and study as almost to insure it success. Not only in dealing with the young men of Wai, but in his relations with the leaders in the town, the Christian workers, and in his friendships formed with leading men all over the district, the power he exercised over individuals is remarkable. But because of Theodore's remarkable attractiveness to the young men of Wai, let us take time now to dwell on this ability as it showed itself in his missionary work.

Among his notes on personal work are the following:—"Say not only, 'I will do you good,' or 'it will be good for you,' but also, 'you will do us good,' and 'it will be good for us.' The altruistic motive as well, as the sense of need, must be appealed to. To do this takes away any suggestion that 'I am better than thou,' or superior in any way, as well as being a frank statement of our inter-dependence, and of the truth that God blesses us in bringing blessings into the lives of

others." "Pray always first and last. Never appear hurried or vexed by an interruptor. God sent him and this is your opportunity and duty." "The loving tone and silent prayer do more than argument." These quotations show the spirit in which this personal worker approached his work, the spirit of conciliation, of frank willingness to learn and receive help as well as to teach and give the spirit of brotherly love. No one who has ever known him will suspect for a moment that this meant any softening down of his clear-cut conviction that the only satisfactory result of personal work was an out and out profession of Christ by those with whom he dealt, and none of his non-Christian Indian friends had any misconceptions on this point, but all were attracted by his courtesy, his candid open-mindedness, and his evident interest in them.

Another thing which gave power to Theodore Lee's personal work was the amount of study he put upon it. In his filing case, there is a thick package of cards containing questions which were commonly asked him by those with whom he talked. He never rested content with his off-hand attempt at a reply, but noted these questions and read and talked about them and formulated and reformulated his replies in writing. He has extended clippings and notes of his own on how to meet one who asked why Christians eat meat; on idolatry, on contrasts between Christianity and Hinduism in marriage, funerals, etc., on the saying so common in India that all religions are really the same; on why one who believes should be baptized, and on many other questions raised by honest

seekers. Here are his notes on two sayings of similar meaning of Indian non-Christians.

Saying: "All roads lead to the same city."

Answer: "I want the best, straightest, surest road, not one that goes wandering around in unhealthy swamps, hard hills, and brambles. Some roads lead to brotherhood, others to caste division."

Saying: "All religions spring from the same root."

Answer: "Things springing from the same root bear the same fruit. By the fruits we know the roots. The fruits of Hinduism are caste division, poverty, ignorance, polytheism, idolatry, the pride of the Brahmin, and the degradation of the outcaste. The fruits of Christianity are liberty, social and educational progress, brotherhood, honor for women, education, social purity, etc."

He not only gathered and formulated all he could in English for answering questions but he had his most apt and able Christian worker write out for him a long list of answers to such questions in Marathi, as such answers not only helped him in his vocabulary for such work, but gave him insight into the best Indian modes of approach to the regular objections. Theodore wrote this rule for himself, "In meeting questions or objections give first the best reasons or arguments you can, then illustrate, preferably from some object near by and visible, that the object may be a continual reminder of the truth, then illustrate from the life of Christ and enforce by some of his words or other scripture." One further rule which he might well have added here was, "Always give or lend anyone, who has shown a genuine interest in Christianity,

some book which will serve to clarify and clinch your argument." Few who talked with him deeply on religious things got away without taking with them some portion of the Bible in which he had pointed out some special passages. Many took also such books as "On the Threshold," by Munger, "The Fight for Character," by Henry Churchill King, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall's Lectures, various Lives of Christ, Fairbairn's "Philosophy of the Christian Religion," etc., all freely lent from his library.

From all this we see that personal work was to Theodore no haphazard undertaking but a vocation and an art, whose technique as well as whose spirit was a matter of constant care. But what cannot well be made clear by quotations is the way that he studied not only each question raised and the broad problem of the best means of approach to men, but how he also gave earnest thought to each man or boy with whom he was working, recording his observations on each in writing and pondering his peculiar needs and the special avenue of approach to his mind and heart. Above all Theodore relied in personal work on prayer. He prayed for each one of those with whom he was dealing in detailed and most earnest intercession.

So intimately connected with his method in personal work that it cannot rightly be considered separately from it was his study of Indian conditions and especially of Indian religion. His notes on the god Krishna and on the Bhagavad Gita were especially full, since he found the Gita used most widely as a book of devotional inspiration among the young men with whom his personal work was most intimate, and because these men

tried to give to Krishna the place of Christ. His eye was keen to detect quotations from Indians which would be effective in personal work like Mozoomdar's saying, found among Theodore's notes: "The New Testament is the source of a hundred developments of personal, social, and spiritual reform among Hindus," or the following from the Swami Vivekananda:

Only I want that numbers of our young men should pay a visit to Japan every year, to whom India is still the dreamland of everything high and good. And you, what are you? . . . Sitting down these thousand years with an ever increasing load of crystallised superstition on your heads, for a thousand years spending all your energy upon discussing the touchableness or untouchableness of this food or that, with all humanity crushed out of you by the continuous social tyranny of ages—what are you? And what are you doing now? . . .

Promenading the sea shores with books in your hands—repeating undigested stray bits of European brainwork and the whole soul bent upon getting a thirty rupee clerkship or at best becoming a lawyer—the height of young India's ambition. Come, be men! Come out of your narrow holes and have a look abroad. See how nations are on their march. Do you love man? Do you love your country? Then come, let us struggle for higher and better things; look not back, no, not even if you see the dearest and nearest cry. Look not back, but forward.

Here is a quotation from a Hindu newspaper of which Theodore made many copies, evidently to give

to some of the most sympathetic of those with whom he talked. (The figures are now out of date on account of the census of 1911.)

Thirty centuries of Hinduism: Two hundred and eighty-six millions population: two hundred and forty-six millions unable to read or write: forty million of women secluded in zenanas: twenty-seven millions of widows: six millions of widows under fourteen years of age: two and half millions of wives under ten years old: fourteen thousand widows under four: fifty millions of out caste pariahs.

But he was frankly eager to know the best of India's religious attitude and literature, not only to find arguments and contrasts and to be able to refute, however strong that purpose always was, but also to understand and appreciate and so to be able to establish more points of contact with non-Christian Indians. In his files the first slip on Hinduism contains this sentence. "Be sure to use the latest books," a rule which he followed faithfully. The file contains many quotations from Indian religious books, both in English and Marathi, which are evidently recorded for their inherent worth. He writes: "All we study of Hinduism and everything we write and say should be sympathetic. Denunciation will not win. Only by presentation of Christ to the conscience and to the spirit can a man be won. When Hindus in ignorance misrepresent their own religion a scholarly knowledge can be used with great effect. We cannot be just unless sympathetic." He therefore preserved and studied with thoughtful care criticisms of Christian writings and addresses

which he found in non-Christian Indian papers ; not that he thought it possible entirely to avoid such criticism, but that he wished to seek to avoid antagonisms as much as possible.

As what has already been said makes clear, he did not interpret the word sympathy to exclude keenest criticism, especially of the most glaring abuses of Hinduism. He discerned clearly that the awakening conscience of educated Indians was growing ready to assent to such criticism and might be stung into action by its wise use, yet sympathy was, after all, the dominant note of his study of Indian religious beliefs and practices, as it was the dominant note of his contact with those who held the beliefs and engaged in the practices.

## CAMPAIGNING FOR CHRIST

The process of the conversion of India to Christ may not be going on as rapidly as you hope, or in exactly the manner that you hope; but, nevertheless, I say, India is being converted; the ideas that lie at the heart of the Gospel of Christ are slowly but surely permeating every part of Hindu society and modifying every phase of Hindu thought. And this process must go on, so long as those who preach this Gospel seek above all things to commend it not so much by what they say, but by what they do, by what they live.

— SIR NARAYAN GANESH CHANDAVARKAR,  
*Justice of the Bombay High Court.*

## CHAPTER VI

### CAMPAIGNING FOR CHRIST

So far we have taken a glimpse of Theodore Lee in one aspect only of his missionary work. His influence with the educated and high caste people of Wai was certainly most unusual yet he himself regarded other sides of his work as of at least equal importance. Indeed, as one considers his manifold activities it is impossible to say which of them is most distinctive, original, and effective. He was an untiring evangelist and an enthusiastic village worker, he was an intimate friend and inspirer of Indian preachers and teachers, he was a man of great influence with Europeans, both official and unofficial, he maintained a strong hold on individuals and churches in the home land by means of a voluminous correspondence. He faced each opportunity for service with unabated enthusiasm. He brought to bear his great originality, his intense and striking personality, and his unusual efficiency on every type of work which presented itself. No wonder that the frail physical machine gave way after a few short years!

Even before he had secured any considerable use of the language Theodore began to press vigorously the evangelistic work. He could not himself preach, but he could run the magic lantern for his preachers, he

could not speak Marathi, but he could stand by, hoping that some one would come to whom he could speak in English; he could distribute tracts and sell or give away portions of the Bible; he could seek and obtain entrance for the lantern even in the Brahmin homes of Wai; and all these things he did from the very start.

He was not content with haphazard evangelistic efforts. At least three days before each street preaching engagement he gave out a topic to the preachers and asked them to select suitable hymns and carefully to prepare their addresses. On the day of the service he had a preliminary meeting with his Indian associates, made sure that the hymns were all chosen and were familiar, and reviewed with each his line of thought, making fruitful suggestions. Opposition and ridicule did not daunt him. He would go into the very heart of the high caste quarters and begin an evangelistic service, with no more than two or three people for an audience, the haughty Brahmins passing by with open sneers and contemptuous smiles on their lips. Before the service was over many would be crowded around, some at least in earnest attention, and Theodore's keen eye would be picking out the most promising person with whom to engage in personal conversation.

Religious festivals with their holiday crowds occur frequently in the villages around Wai. Be the village near or far, accessible or inaccessible, such festivals found the Wai missionary and his preachers prepared and waiting, with the magic lantern, in a well selected spot. So long as the crowd would listen the message would be given, the preachers taking turns in speaking,

but Theodore standing alert, hour after hour beside the lantern, sliding in the pictures of the Life of Christ. The preachers tell of many such services, which lasted for several hours. At least once he stood six hours, the crowd lingering till two o'clock in the morning. Often it was midnight before the light was put out and the weary party could start on its slow journey back to Wai.

But, aside from these special occasions, the ordinary routine of the week included four days for evangelistic work, two in outside villages and two in Wai. The party would single out two villages and go there on a certain day of every week for a month, then turn to two other villages for the next month, thus producing a cumulative impression and cultivating familiarity and friendships. The hill station of Mahableshwar being within the Wai field, Theodore took charge of Christian work there during the hot season. In regard to the work which he conducted here after being in the country about two years he writes, "We have never enjoyed anything in the world as we have enjoyed showing pictures of the Life of Christ to a hall packed full of men and boys, most of whom have never heard of the Divine love expressed in the Son before." The Sunday school at Mahableshwar, under his hands, was packed to the doors. He went from house to house, inviting the children and chatting with the parents, and visited the Government day school classes in order to get to know the boys better. While the Sunday school was in session he reserved for himself, when possible, the congenial duty of sitting near the door of the chapel and entering into conversation

with any passer-by who was attracted to come and look in.

In all his village evangelistic work he used substantially these same methods; going in person from door to door of the village to call the people to the service, and using the service as a means for himself getting into close, personal touch with leading citizens and earnest enquirers. Here are one or two typical cards in his file of the villages and individual villagers in his district.

Kavathi,—Jan. 10, 1908.

Population—2,000.

Patil (head-man)—Tukaram, friendly,  
bought Script.

Scripts sold—12 Gospels.

60 men and 15 women listened well.

Preached three times—Prodigal Son, Bread  
of Life, "Master."

Sap,—February, 1910.

Two main families, Kadam and Shinde.  
Had good time.

Subject:—Christianity Oriental, not Euro-  
pean.

A Rajput from near Delhi all ready to be-  
come an enquirer. Send Hindi Christian  
books to Manoharrao to sell to him . . . sent  
Feb. 18. Motilal Pardeshi and School Mas-  
ter listened well. Send them Marathi "Com-  
parison of Religions" . . . sent on February  
18.

*Raghoba Panaskar of Pimpri:* Is a well to  
do man. Owns 52 acres of land. The  
preaching impressed him strongly. After we  
went away the people had a discussion among

themselves and this man tried to prove that Christ was the Saviour and strongly opposed the other party. When we again met him he told us about the discussion and how he had strongly held to our side and asked us to give him a fuller and detailed knowledge of the Saviour about whom we had preached, which we did. He asked us to come again and again and tell him of it. He is courageous and says that he is ready to come forward and be a Christian, even if the whole village is against him.

Theodore was constantly studying how to make his message come home to the minds and hearts of the people. Here is a rough sheet of notes which he calls a "sermonette for farmers while weeding," based on Christ's parables, yet adapted to occasion and audience.

Our lives are like a field. In our natures there grow good qualities and bad. The good are like the good grain and the bad are like weeds. Unless the weeds are taken out they will crowd the grain and eat up all the good fertility of the ground. But the field cannot rid itself of the weeds, nor can the good things uproot and throw away the bad.

Our natures, our characters, our minds and hearts are a field. Love, joy, peace, patience, goodness, meekness, are the good grain. Selfishness, anger, quarrelsomeness, pride, untruthfulness, cruelty, ignorance, and superstition are the weeds. The good cannot overcome the bad alone.

The owner and master of our lives is God. He has sent his Son into the world to make us able to pull up the weeds and make the

good grow. We must simply obey the Master, do as He says, trust Him, pray to Him, and then our natures will become good.

When Theodore was given charge of work in both Wai and Satara, in 1908, a generous White Plains parishioner gave him a new motor cycle, which meant a great deal to his health and efficiency. One of his first concerns was to turn to religious account the curious interest aroused in the villages by his appearance on this wheel. The result was a carefully prepared little gem of a sermon which he delivered wherever he went and which is still remembered and appreciated all over the wide district. He gives us a brief outline of the points he made, but, to appreciate the effect, one must visualize the scene, with a group of gaping villagers squatting about, and the tall, smiling missionary patiently explaining and illustrating the uses of the various parts of this wonderful machine, then turning them into a parable.

He writes:

The thing I like most about the motor cycle is that it is going to let me get at people more. At present it is serving as a text, with its front wheel signifying the guiding Spirit and the back the body. The petrol signifies that which we all have from below and the electric spark that which must come from above to make life and power. The light signifies our need of the Light of the World, the horn God's warning in the voice of others and in conscience, and the pong, pong, pong that it makes as it goes along the road I give all to understand means, "God so loved the world,

etc.," because it was given as a gift to Christ who has done so much for the givers. I have used it as a talk five times in the last ten days or so and am reviewing the talk so that there will be none of the twenty-six grammatical mistakes I made the first time I gave it.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that Theodore's interest in these villages and villagers was merely that of an intense religious propagandist. There was a human kindness and camaraderie about it that seldom failed to win friendship. When walking or riding through the district he greeted every one he met, whether personally known to him or not, with a kindly "Salaam." Whenever he stopped to eat a picnic meal he would invite the curious farmers who gathered about to come and sit down near by and he would soon have them laughing and talking with him. He once wrote to his church: "A missionary without the ability to laugh or to make others laugh would wear out in a month out here. There is a mental and nervous strain due to isolation that needs relaxation. And a smile and the power to touch the native's sense of the ridiculous is the first step in winning his friendship." Certainly in all his relations in India his kindly drollery and shrewd New England humor were constantly helping him to a happy relationship in informal friendliness with the people.

Theodore showed his loving interest everywhere he went by trying to help in sickness and indeed by offering every aid in his power. A large community of tanners, a despised caste, is to-day devoted to his memory, not only because he mingled with them in loving

friendliness, but because he helped them in many practical ways, among other things securing some machinery from America for their trade. About another group he writes:

Again I have been interrupted. The gardeners have come. The new Mahableshwar motor road is to run straight through the splendid black rich garden land that they have worked since the time of the Peshwas. They do not own the land. It is owned by the Brahmin Inamdar. To him will go all the compensation that will be given for the land taken. They will lose their livelihood. "What can we do?" they ask. I do not know what they can do. But this morning I wrote a statement of the case and a petition to the Chief Secretary of Government at Poona, and we are praying that the course of the road may be changed a little, so that it may run through ordinary grain fields, instead of through the best garden land.

The intercessions of the missionaries were effective, the road was deflected and still another group was won to a friendliness which Theodore took care to cultivate, and afterwards to use for the great cause which he had nearest to his heart.

His agents remember with affection how he played marbles with the children, who came to look upon his visit to the schools as an especial treat. He himself gives us something of the secret of his popularity with the children in a letter home. He wrote:

To warm the children up, I put them through the little system of calisthenics I use

every morning and night. They enjoyed it hugely and then sang with a sincere happiness that reminded me of the college song, "Teacher, teacher, why am I so happy, happy, happy in my Sunday school?" But, whatever may be the thought of the college fellows in America, I know that for these poor children, the sons and daughters of naked, ignorant, superstitious parents, this little school is the door to a joyous life. Their parents do not know how to feed them properly and they are frequently sick. There are among them some very lovable boys and girls. I wanted to take every one of them in my arms and give such a blessing as the Master gave.

One must know by experience the filthy and even diseased state of many of these children to appreciate the large-hearted love, the Christ-likeness of spirit, that shines from this last sentence with its spontaneous desire to take all these children into his arms. Probably some of those whom the Master blessed were filthy and diseased!

No account of Theodore's work in the villages would be complete which did not give a picture of its strenuousness. His Indian fellow workers still shake their heads and draw in their breath at the memory of the pace he set them. When on tour among the villages he would often start at five in the morning, walk to a village, gather the people, hold a service, and talk with individuals, walk to another village, and then another, there, perhaps, adding the inspection of a school. Taking what rest he could get under some tree at noon, he would continue the process until evening, doing effective work of a peculiarly trying nature in six or

more villages in the course of the day. One preacher tells with awe how they started out one morning and were caught by a heavy rain in the midst of villages, whose only connecting link is thick, sticky, clay roads. Theodore would not turn back, but completed the day's programme. Another time, after a day's round of seven villages, when this preacher was completely exhausted, Theodore took the eighteen-mile bicycle ride to Wai and back, because something imperative called him there. His associates emphasize how careless of food or shelter this indomitable missionary was when "on tour."

Early one morning, after having come from a long hard trip on his motor cycle the night before, Theodore Lee was getting the machine ready for another run. "Sahib," said one of his workers, "at least give your horse a rest." "No, no," replied the indefatigable missionary, "if I did, he would get fat;" and the machine started out amidst the peals of laughter of the listeners. As they looked from the tubing of the machine to the tall, wiry form of its owner, it was as easy to think of the one growing fat from an easy life as the other.

The results of all this labor and all this love, spent so freely on the villages around Wai and Satara cannot be recorded in figures, and probably the greater part of the results was of such a nature as to escape all definite notice: tens of thousands who had heard for the first time that there is a loving Heavenly Father and a Divine Saviour; many hundreds who had felt the personal touch of kindliness of this zealous foreigner; scores who had had intimate talks with him and had

received gifts or loans of religious books; Bible portions sold in large numbers throughout the district; tracts scattered far and wide; whole communities brought to a sense of personal attachment and obligation. Village leaders, who had formerly always persecuted the Christian preachers, now invited them into their homes. Many, who formerly would not let the shadow of a Christian fall on them, came up to take tracts from their hands. It was a marvelously efficient work of preparing the soil and sowing the seed throughout a large and populous district.

We may well allow his Indian associates to add the last touch to our hasty sketch of this aspect of Theodore's missionary work. In a testimonial of respect which they gave him on his leaving the country for his first furlough they said: "The spread of the Gospel is my 'first work,' this being your conviction, you suffered the heat of the sun, thirst, cold, rain, exhaustion, and you suffered all willingly. Your joy, zeal, and readiness in this work have been an example to us all."

Theodore Lee would have been the first to disclaim that he was ever the chief agency in the Christian work in Wai and Satara. He and Mrs. Lee laid great emphasis on the Indian Christian workers—teachers, preachers, Bible women, colporteurs and pastors—and regarded them as the most important agency in this work. Each one of these workers was to them an object of constant thought and prayer. Before coming to India at all Theodore once remarked to the writer that he looked forward to becoming an influence rather than a power in the foreign field, meaning that he an-

anticipated that limitations of health might prevent his leading such an active life as many missionaries lived, but that he hoped to accomplish his work by quiet personal influence. What has already been said about his missionary work shows how mistaken he was in regard to its activity, but he was not mistaken in feeling that his greatest accomplishment would be through personal influence. Naturally those who felt his influence most and gave most sympathetic response were his Indian associates in Christian work.

He selected these workers with very great care and demanded and secured much hard work from them. He also demanded a high standard of personal life. Each worker, in coming to the field, signed a paper in which he agreed to work in any capacity or place where his services were needed, to keep out of debt, to live in willing cooperation with the missionaries and other Christians of Wai or Satara, and, in general, to further the Kingdom of Christ in every way in his power. At first many were inclined to look upon this young missionary as a rather severe task master, but when they came to feel the friendliness and helpfulness of his attitude to them, and when they realized how much more he demanded of himself than he did of them, they generally willingly fell in with his plans and lived more strenuous lives than they had ever known before. Theodore kept careful records of each worker. Each had a definite detailed programme of work and gave a detailed written report at the end of each month. Regularity and faithfulness in work were qualities which seemed to this missionary of very great importance and it was difficult for him to be lenient with a



WITH HIS STAFF OF WORKERS (AND FOUR VISITORS)



worker who failed in these. He paid visits at irregular intervals to all the schools under his care and kept careful notes of their progress. Once, when the master was absent without excuse Theodore himself conducted the school and he even sent the master home when he did appear. Afterwards he was sorry for having publicly humiliated this teacher and asked his pardon. Perhaps there was nothing that endeared Theodore more to his Indian fellow-workers than his quickness to acknowledge a fault and to ask their pardon for the slightest wrong he had done them. Here are two extracts from letters home, showing Theodore's attitude to these workers. "In my estimate of —— I am apt to be biased because I love him so that I do not see or care to see his faults." "—— and I are not temperamentally sympathetic. It would be easy for me to misjudge him and do him and the work wrong by hastily dismissing him. I am trying to get all the beams out of my own eyes and to see all the good there is in him and his work." A young village teacher tells, not only how the missionary helped in sickness in a peculiarly tender way, but how he took the young worker off into the fields for an intimate talk and, putting his arm around him and expressing appreciation of his work, prayed with him in such a loving way that that afternoon forms one of the memorable events in the young Christian's life. Entrusting responsibility to workers, intimacy of social fellowship with them, appreciation of their good points, generous sympathy and help in time of need, these were some of the means used so successfully by Theodore Lee.

He would march right into a smoke filled room, sit,

Indian fashion, on the floor and begin playing with the children. He would forego the privilege of a "European" railway carriage and ride with one of his workers, crowded into the "native" compartment. At his first meeting with the Satara workers in his study, when all were wondering about this new missionary, he put them at their ease by refusing a chair and sitting cross-legged on the floor in their midst, asking them to regard him, not as their superior, but as a fellow preacher of Christ's Gospel. Once when he and Anandrao Hiwale were off on tour together and there was only one cot—the missionary's—Anandrao came in late at night to find Theodore rolled up in a quilt on the floor, leaving the cot empty. When Anandrao tried to protest against Theodore's sleeping on the floor, the only reply he could get, in a tone of well-feigned irritation, was, "Go away, I'm asleep."

Theodore was the life of the parties which went with him on tour. His jokes kept all in good nature. He would rout them all out bright and early in the morning, so that they might make an early start on their round, but he did it with so much fun as to open the day pleasantly. Once, when all were returning tired out from a long, full day, there was considerable grumbling at the hardness of their work, and ordinary methods of getting the party into good temper did not work. Theodore succeeded in restoring it, however, by proposing that, when they reached camp, he and Anandrao should have a wrestling match. Anandrao is a very short, rotund figure. He and his six-foot-two missionary, walking side by side, were always a hu-

morous spectacle, but the thought of a wrestling match between them was so much funnier that all grumbling and sense of fatigue disappeared in the shout of laughter that greeted the suggestion.

But, remarkable as was Theodore's capacity for getting into close touch with his workers, there is no need to say that the end in view was not merely pleasant social intercourse; it was to deepen their spiritual lives and inspire them with greater zeal. On his missionary tours more memorable than the jokes were the prayer meetings. Prayer was his breath of life and few Christian workers ever left his presence without an intimate mutual prayer. Part of the time in Wai the missionaries and the Indian workers held daily prayer meetings of marked power. All enquirers and workers were not only subjects of deep prayer by the missionary, but they also found in his fellowship a new power in their own prayer life.

Bible study was another subject in regard to which he created fresh enthusiasm, and in which his example was an inspiration. He would suggest helpful topics to be worked out from the Bible in the monthly meeting. Wherever possible he himself held Bible classes with his workers. He urged the committing of Bible portions to memory. As the Hindu has a religious poem which he repeats during his bath, so he urged the Christians to repeat at that time the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. Many of those who worked with him bear testimony to his deep influence on their prayer life and their Bible study. They also speak of his determination that they should keep out of debt,

his emphasis on regularity, and his joy in evangelistic work as some of the qualities which affected them most deeply.

Rev. Prasadrao Makasare, the pastor of the Satara church, loved Theodore Lee as a brother, and felt his influence to a peculiar degree. He still cherishes many letters filled with loving sympathy and wise suggestion, which he received at various times from Theodore. These letters were signed, "Fraternally and affectionately, Theodore S. Lee." Prasadrao says that Theodore is still alive to him and their friendship is now even more significant than before. Rev. Anandrao Hiwale, who took over charge of the Satara District when the Lees went on furlough, wrote Theodore many questions in regard to the work, which he answered from shipboard in a truly Pauline letter, packed full of practical wisdom and wise suggestion on a wide range of missionary topics. Theodore concluded this letter with these words: "I have answered all your questions in order to help you, but not to hamper you. In most things use your own judgment. Most difficulties are overcome by caring for one's own spiritual tone and that of those with whom you work. So go ahead and the Lord bless you." It is Anandrao's testimony that the presence of this strong, loving, enthusiastic, devoted missionary is vividly real with all the workers still. Here, in his influence on the personal lives, habits, and ideals of a small group of Christian workers, we find some of the deepest and most abiding results of Theodore's missionary career.

We have now seen Theodore Lee with the higher classes, with the villagers and with his Indian Christian

associates. There is in India another small but important class of people, who were attracted to him to a very unusual degree—the Europeans, both official and unofficial. The devoted Anglican, Bishop Pim, felt this attraction and showed unusual interest by inviting this young missionary to his table at the hill station and seating him at his right hand, in order that he might enquire more fully about his work. The Collector or highest British official of the District, Mr. Arthur, showed in many ways his high regard for this strong young missionary. He writes:

Both my wife and I held Mr. Lee in the highest esteem. When he was in Wai we used to look forward with great pleasure to his occasional visits to Satara. Wai is a center of orthodox Brahminism and it says a great deal for Mr. Lee that he worked harmoniously with different classes in a place where it is by no means easy to do so, and that without any weak giving in to what he did not approve. . . . My wife and I feel a personal loss by his death.

Mr. Campbell, a civilian on special duty, who made Satara his headquarters, writes:

His house was always open to me; and he was the most open part of his house. His frank honesty was just the kind of fresh air which, sparkling with an energetic keenness, would electrify the responsive spirit of students. I think all the European community that knew him respected him highly, and I think he often regretted that his main missionary work necessarily kept him from seeing

more of them. . . . It has been happy for me to recall and collect a few thoughts on an old friendship. . . . I do not feel that anything I could write would do justice to Mr. Lee alone or to our friendship together.

In Satara Theodore was a prominent member of a group of earnest Christian Europeans who met regularly for Bible readings and he enlisted members of this group in teaching Bible classes for Indians.

The writer has thought much on the question what it was in this missionary that attracted Europeans to such an unusual degree. His life was wholly different from theirs in most external ways, more so than that of most missionaries. Probably his force of character, his straightforwardness, and his obvious enjoyment of sociability had something to do with this result, but the main reason for his marked influence with Europeans seems to us to have been the quiet and unconscious Christian heroism of his life, a heroism which made an appeal to all strong men and especially to those of earnest Christian character.

One more aspect of Theodore Lee's influence demands special attention, his very unusual relationship with a large circle of correspondents in America. He was an insatiable letter writer. Where he found time for his home correspondence is a mystery, but his letter record book shows a great many names of those to whom he wrote frequently. The writer, while on furlough, several times met people in unexpected places who enquired for Theodore Lee, and who often said something like the following, "He writes me most enthusiastic and interesting letters about his work. I'm

afraid I'm not as faithful as I ought to be in answering, but tell him that his letters do me good." His letters and report to his church at White Plains and to various societies and individuals in that church were, we venture to believe, as full, as vivid, and as effective as were ever sent by any missionary to any church. But his relation to his church is dealt with at length in a separate chapter. We here add a few quotations from letters received by Theodore from college and Theological Seminary professors, from pastors, laymen and lay-women in many places in the home land. Many of the letters he received were so intimate that it would seem profanation to publish them, but we have selected a few, which can fittingly be put into print.

"Your reports have been a stimulating influence to me in my own work. I only wish that you were near enough to shame me more often and make me a more devoted and more effective follower of the Master. I do try; but when I think of your life, I feel that I have been an unprofitable servant and belong away down at the foot of the table instead of in the rather prominent position in which I sometimes seem to be."

"It was so good of you to drop me a line. Your work has been a great inspiration to me. It has been, in fact, a large factor in the life of our church."

"I cannot tell you how interested both — and I are in what you are doing, nor how proud we are of the success which you are meeting, and the sacrifices which you so gladly and continuously make for the sake of the Kingdom. We men who are not on the firing line, but who hold the fort amid the desert of indifference, gain more inspiration and courage than

you can conceive of from the news of the men who are doing the pioneer work."

"Just a word to thank you for the pamphlet concerning your work. It is one of the best and brightest reports I have ever seen and I enjoyed it hugely. It must be easy to be blue and to slide into ruts in such an inexhaustible parish, though we all do that occasionally. But I could not find a bit of it in your report—only joy and courage, together with a certain consecrated boyishness and bubbling enthusiasm which will do more good at home and abroad than many medicines, and make you a living epistle of the good tidings to the lives you touch. I did not mean to say all this; but it's true and you won't mind."

"God bless you, old fellow, for your note of cheer and for your faith that climbs in spite of the thousand and one things that would drag it to earth. It makes me ashamed of myself for the blue days that come to me sometimes even here. It is as I have often said, Theodore, that you fellows who have gone to India and China are doing just as much for us men in the homeland—perhaps more than you could possibly have done if you had stayed here, for I never receive a letter from you or ——— or ———, without being shamed for my sluggishness and filled with a new devotion to my Master and to His work."

"You were indeed good to write such a beautiful and sympathetic letter so immediately after receiving mine and I thank you from my heart for your understanding of the matter."

"Of course I do not mind your saying that you pray for me. I only wish it could give me a little of your

faith and more strength to resist the flesh and the devil."

"I am in your debt for such a wealth of loving thought and for so many dear letters and messages that I hardly know where to begin."

Are not these quotations, which could easily be multiplied, enough to make vividly clear that ten thousand miles of distance could not prevent many from turning to this true Christian friend for sympathy, understanding, and help, and that the inspiration of his personality was constantly at work in the lives of scores and hundreds of those who were living on the other side of the world?

We have taken a quick glance at some of the more noteworthy aspects of the influence of Theodore Lee. In so doing we have paid little attention to historical sequences, though we have referred to the fact that the Lees went to Wai in 1904, soon after arriving in India, and that, after five years, they were transferred to the neighbouring city of Satara. Satara is a historic city and the center of the district, a much larger city than Wai, with flourishing high schools and many educated and progressive citizens. Here Theodore found himself already known and popular because of his public activities in Wai, and here he quickly established friendly personal relations with the leading citizens, was put on public committees and arranged for and delivered public lectures. Many in Satara have told the writer of their appreciation of their American fellow citizen. Two of the most prominent citizens, the Rao Bahadur V. N. Pathak and S. B. Phansalkar, Esq., High Court Pleader, expressed in writing their tribute

to his memory. We quote a few words from each. "He was so sympathetic toward his native friends that he spared himself no opportunity of coming in contact with them and benefitting them both by word and action." "There was a peculiar charm about his person and manners which won the hearts of those who came in contact with him. He was looked upon as the best type of an American and was very much liked and respected by the educated community."

Satara brought greatly increased executive and financial responsibilities, as well as increased work in connection with the Christian community. These new problems Theodore attacked with much thought and prayer and with vigorous, loving activity. In Satara the Lees found a boarding school for both boys and girls. We have already seen enough of Theodore's relation to Indian children to appreciate that he would, in his own generous, original way, take these children right into his heart, and see to it that their lives had in them brightness and fun as well as hard work and healthy Christian training. If space permitted we would print some of his very interesting letters about these children.

As one rapidly reviews what this missionary accomplished; with the high caste young men and leading citizens of Wai, and later of Satara; as an evangelist and village worker throughout a wide district; as director and inspirer of Indian Christian workers; in intimate touch with leading Europeans; through his rare and beautiful correspondence with a very wide circle at home; and in the various responsibilities of Satara; it seems almost impossible to believe that all

this activity and this influence were exerted in seven and a half short years. This accomplishment, in so far as it deals with Indians, is all the more remarkable to one who knows by experience the slow moving East, and how persistent, patient and extended any efforts must be if they are to have the slightest hope of affecting the thought and lives of the people. But even these short years of Theodore's life in India were most seriously handicapped. After the first three years in the country he had a sudden break-down in health, so terrible that there were grave doubts whether he could survive the shock. For many weeks he lay flat on his back, for months his life was one constant fight for health, and he was never again able to ride a bicycle, climb a hill, play tennis, or do anything which involved unusual strain on his heart.

This collapse came after a time of protracted and unrelieved activity in mission work, of great anxiety in regard to the mission's policy toward the Wai field, which seemed in danger of being surrendered because of the financial exigencies of the home Board, and of intense personal suffering at the time of the birth of the Lees' first child, Grace.

A tragic effect of this physical break-down was that it brought with it deep mental depression, which was wholly unnatural to one so full of enthusiasm and optimistic faith. How constantly this depression came like a black cloud upon him and how terrible and incessant was his struggle against it, no one can picture or imagine. For such an intensely active man to feel that the work to which he had desired to give a "life of full days," to which he had wholly devoted all his

powers, might be his to do no longer, that he might be doomed to look on as a spectator where his spirit longed to be giving itself in the service which he knew so well how to render, herein was the awful tragedy of this time of semi-helplessness and inactivity. During these long months little baby Grace was a wonderful solace and comfort. She spent much of her time on the bed by his side and he poured out on her the wealth of affection which must needs find active expression. Indeed the sweetness, peace, and beautiful Christian devotion of his home, which throughout his missionary life were the unseen source of much of his power, would seem to have been in this crisis one of the two chief factors in his recovery.

The other factor was his unquenchable faith, which shone into the clouds of depression brought upon him by his physical condition, and finally burst through and dispersed them. While Theodore was on his back in Ahmednagar, soon after the break-down occurred, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, at that time the Barrows lecturer in India, made the hard trip to Wai in order to see at least the field of his work. After this visit Dr. Hall wrote him this beautiful letter of hope:

COLLEGE HOUSE, Esplanade,  
Madras, 3 Dec., 1906.

My dear Friend:

I have just learned, with feelings of deep regret, that illness has come upon you and that you are in Bombay, quite weak and prostrated. I must not write you a long letter, for it would tire you to read it. But a little word of love from one who has known you

long and intimately will be like a breath of sweet American air, to give you new courage and hope. *Dear Lee!* how my heart goes out to you in this trial, which comes at a time when you have most wished to be strong, for your Wife's sake, and your Baby's sake, and your Work's sake. Well I remember the day long ago when you came into my office at dear old "700" with your face white and drawn with disappointment, to tell me that the Board would not let you go to India! Oh! how dark everything seemed to you that day! And now is another time of trial in which, *as then*, you will be nobly patient before God, and wait the unfolding of His Will. To God's most gracious protection and comfort I commend you and yours. "Let not your heart be troubled"—"Oh! rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him."

Yours with constant remembrance  
and very tender affection,  
CHAS. CUTHBERT HALL.

On this letter Theodore wrote, "The last sentence of this letter has meant as much as anything I have received. I add to it the rest,—'and He will give thee thy heart's desire'—*Wai.*" He prayed with all the strength and intensity of his nature for recovery in order that he might carry on his life work and he came to believe that God had answered his prayer. How great a factor in his recovery was his strong will to live—for Wai, and his faith that it was God's will to grant him this desire, no one can measure. There was at this time a very strong opinion among some in his home church that he ought to give up India and come back to America. Its pastor wrote:

Mr. — still strongly feels that you ought to come back to this country, if not for good, at least temporarily. And he thinks there is a good opportunity of developing work in the Westchester Congregational Church, which you, remaining one of his pastors, could handle. I am sure he is right in this last idea. I want you to feel sure that, if you think that coming home would help you, this church will gladly stand by you in it. We cannot, of course, decide for you at this distance; you and Dr. Hume and Dr. Beals must decide what is best.

To leave India and go home to America, even to an attractive work, was precisely what Theodore did not want to do. His heart was in Wai, and he believed that it was here that he could serve his Master best. Medical advice said that the climate of India was not unfavorable to his physical condition, although it clearly warned him that, because of the trying conditions of his missionary work, he would probably not last as long in India as he would in America. But his deep conviction of his call to missionary work made him ignore the warning and emphasize the assurance in this medical opinion. Self sacrifice was wrought into the very fiber of his being. The one question was, "where can I serve best?" The cost was absolutely disregarded. And Mrs. Lee was at one with him in this. His beautiful home, his care of himself, and his deep faith won a great victory. He recovered almost completely and emerged from this terrible ordeal, mellowed in character and enriched in Christian experience, to spend

almost four years more of constant and active service. Indeed it was in this latter period that occurred some of the instances of strenuous work—his performances on the motor cycle, and his tireless touring, of which we have already spoken.

Just before starting on furlough, in 1911, Theodore was attacked by the fever which clung to him most of the time until his death, some four months later. Almost to the very last day, his indomitable spirit tenaciously clung to the hope of returning to India. Not long before going on furlough he had written a letter to Dr. Barton in regard to the great financial burdens of the Satara and Wai work. He had said that he did not like this money raising, "but no man, having put his hand to the plow and looking back is going to have the joy of the Satara and Wai harvest. So we shall pray and plow." In a letter dictated to a chum when he was lying in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, a few days before his death, he says, "By the way — has just been in here this morning and he seems to be having a happy and successful time in his Minnesota parish. But, bless you, dear old man, I would not swap all the helpful, congenial people he has in his church for the tough nut I have to crack in Satara for anything." And when the doctors finally told him that all hope of recovery was at an end, he said, "I had hoped to be buried in the Wai cemetery." When Christian work began at Wai the only land that could be obtained for a cemetery was a noisome spot, near the place where the sewage of the city was dumped. It was in this spot that Theodore wanted his

body to lie, here beside the Indian Christian workers whom he had loved, and in the land for which he had gladly given his life.

And who can doubt that he is in Wai to-day? His body was laid to rest by the loving hands of classmates and dear ones, after a beautiful and fitting ceremony, in his own home city; but his spirit is living in Wai and in Satara in the lives of unnumbered Christians and non-Christians, who gained something of his vision of God in Christ and something of the Divine power for daily living which was his. And his spirit will continue to work in India until that day, so vividly before the eye of his faith, when this great land shall become Christ's and shall play its noble part in bringing the world to His feet.

Did the sacrifice of such a life pay? We know the sure answer that Theodore himself would make and we cannot more fittingly finish this picture of his brief missionary life than in the words of a poem, by Julia Larned, which he loved and copied with his own hands into his book of religious poetry.

The eyes of man's anguish went up unto God,

“Lord take away pain;  
The shadow that darkens the world Thou  
has made;  
The close coiling chain that strangles the  
heart;  
The burden that weighs on the wings that  
would soar;  
Lord take away pain from the world Thou  
hast made,  
That it love Thee the more.”

Then answered the Lord to the cry of His world,

“Shall I take away pain,  
And with it the power of the Soul to endure,  
Made strong by the strain?  
Shall I take away pity, that knits heart to  
heart,  
And sacrifice high?  
Will ye lose all the heroes that lift from the  
fire  
White hands to the sky?  
Shall I take away love that redeems with a  
price,  
And smiles at the loss?  
Can ye spare from your lives, that would  
climb into mine,  
The Christ on the Cross?”



“HANDS ACROSS THE SEA”

"All belong to one family, no matter what their religion or language or color. The narrow relationships of the family are not made less sacred or deep by embracing the broadest relationship that a man can bear to the whole race."

—T. S. LEE.

"I am glad of the interest of which you speak and that it is an interest in missions and not me. I am not a Hamlin, Hume, or anything but a simple fellow who wants to do all that he can for the divine Master. I do not feel as if I could do much, but I shall try to keep my powder dry and see what the great Captain can do with me in a Hindu stronghold. I would rather be there than anywhere else."

—T. S. LEE, 1903.

## CHAPTER VII

### "HANDS ACROSS THE SEA"

THEODORE LEE was not only a missionary; he was a Missionary Pastor. The three chapters preceding have told of his heroic work in India; this chapter is the story of his fulfilling his ministry at the same time as one of the pastors of a church in America.

In his last year at Union Seminary, Theodore made many friends in a little Congregational Church which had been organized the year before in White Plains, a growing suburb twenty miles out of New York City. This church began in a combination carpenter shop and stable, suggesting both Nazareth and Bethlehem, and during its first year conducted extension work in a neighboring fire-engine house at Scarsdale. Theodore's class-mate, Arthur O. Pritchard, during the senior year, had charge of this extension work and frequently invited Theodore to speak.

When Arthur Pritchard graduated in June, 1903, the little church made bold to call him to be assistant pastor responsible for local missionary work. As one courageous act inevitably inspires another, his ordination made people ask, "What about the foreign field? Can we not have Theodore Lee as our third pastor, our Missionary Pastor, to represent us there?" At this time the Westchester Church had one hundred

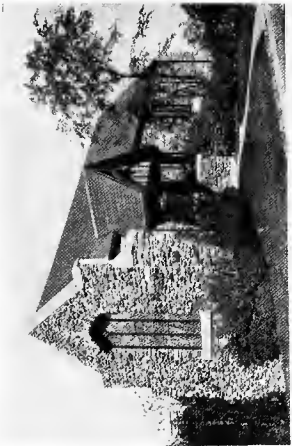
and ninety-three members and a building worth \$7,000 about one-half paid for! But they did it! On July 11th, the American Board formally assigned Theodore and his support to the little church.

To assign a "missionary pastor" to a church is often merely a device to help raise money. The relation is nominal. Not so with Theodore and the Westchester Church. He had a vision of being truly a pastor; he would know and love all the members of his flock individually; he would do his part in teaching and giving them spiritual help; he would be familiar with all the problems and purposes of his church; and then he would take direct leadership of the work in its foreign parish. But that work should be distinctly the church's through him. On the other hand, the people of the Westchester Church had a vision of loving and supporting a pastor in its foreign parish in exactly the same way they would love and support their pastor at home; their foreign missionary work should not be done impersonally and at arm's length but, incarnate in Theodore, the church itself should be in India. Thus the Missionary Pastor, constantly sharing other responsibilities at home, would never come to think of his home church as a mere pay-station for foreign missions; and the church not alone would give more money but through prayer and love would share the missionary's real work of winning souls for Christ.

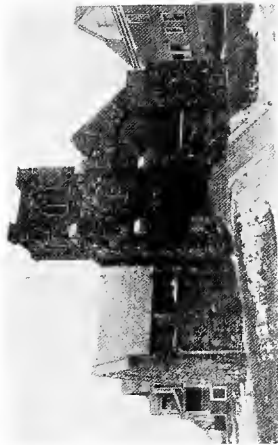
Older and more cautious missionaries might well have said, "The missionary needs all his strength for India—let the missionary board solve the home problems." And older and more cautious pastors might have said, "The home pastor has quite enough to do at



WHITE PLAINS CONGREGATION



SCARSDALE CONGREGATION



CHATTERTON HILL CONGREGATION



OPEN AIR SERVICE IN WAI

## THE TWO PASTORATES



home without entering into personal and spiritual problems abroad. If he leads his church in raising a generous subscription, he has done his part." But Theodore was young and the church was young and, hand in hand, they went forth with all the romance and all the hope of a couple newly wed. "Theodore Lee"—the music of that name sang in the church's ear from the start; "Westchester Church"—Theodore had a sweet joy and holy strength from his pastorate all through the years in India. At the very beginning of his pastorate, July 8, 1903, he wrote:

A missionary's first needs are spiritual. A man may be adequately supported financially and yet fail in his work because he is not upheld by the prayers of those who are behind him.

Personally I turn toward your church for my support because I believe that from you I shall receive loving prayerful support, because I am simply their own arm stretched out to the sheep of another fold.

And on August 14, 1906:

Thank you for letting me know about our home church financial problems. I cannot help you as you do me, but I do want to be appreciative and understand. I want Wai in spirit and reality to be as helpful to the home church as I want the home church to be helpful to Wai. Get someone to write me about all the schemes for work. And do not ever let anyone get the idea that I am simply the missionary of the Westchester Church. I am, but I am more. I am

PASTOR. I spell that with big letters because the relation is precious to me and I am as much interested in one branch of the church work as another.

The days before Theodore's sailing in November were all too brief. Into them were crowded many of the most important personal experiences of life—marriage, ordination to the ministry, settling in his pastorate, and all the farewells. But he gave himself generously to his church, making two visits. On the first visit, of three weeks length in September, Theodore spoke to the Sunday school, young people, and ladies' societies, gave addresses with the stereopticon, but chiefly devoted himself to calling. He desired to go out the personal friend of every family in his church. His brother pastors made a schedule for him of calls and dinners and luncheons in more than a hundred homes. Very many people had never met a real missionary. Indeed, they rather thought a missionary too saintly to be reckoned with in everyday life. Theodore would go right into such a home, exchange jokes across the table, sit cross-legged on the floor to demonstrate how he expected to eat his meals in India—and come away leaving a new friend.

On his second visit of a week's duration near the end of October, Theodore rejoiced every heart by bringing his bride with him. Married to each other, Theodore and Hannah now were to be wedded to the church by services of supreme meaning to all. First came his ordination to the ministry, on October 20th in the White Plains Church. Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D.D., of the Broadway Tabernacle, was Moderator.

The examination in the afternoon was full of spiritual interest, provoking no discordant discussion. At the ordination, in the evening, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., President of Union Theological Seminary, delivered the sermon from Romans 12:7, "Let us give ourselves to our ministry;" Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., Secretary of the American Board, gave the charge to the young couple together; his classmate, Rev. F. P. Young, of Brooklyn, sang; in the ordination prayer Theodore's father, Rev. Samuel H. Lee, made the supreme gift of his son to Christ's work; Theodore's brother pastor, Rev. Wm. D. Street, extended the right hand of fellowship, using John the Baptist's words, "He must increase, but I must decrease." On Sunday morning, October 25th, Theodore Lee preached and conducted his first Communion Service as Missionary Pastor in his own church. It proved his only one. Very impressive was his choice of "Go, Labor On" as the final hymn together.

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?

A few days later Theodore writes from the old home in Springfield:

As I sit up here in the dear old room in which my body and soul have lived and grown for many years, thoughts that cannot be expressed crowd into my mind and somehow fill my eyes and throat.

But I would not stay here for anything. I

am eager to go, but the going is made easier because so many are thinking of me and expressing their thoughts so beautifully.

I cannot call myself assistant pastor, for at present I am conscious that I am increasing your duties rather than lightening them. My chance and opportunity may come, however.

Theodore and Hannah sailed for India on Saturday, November 14, 1903, by the steamer *Minnetonka*, leaving New York shortly after noon. Anticipating this hour, he had written :

I wish we might have some prayer together. My closest friendships and strongest ties have been formed on my knees. If you or any of the others are at the steamer, I wish that we might have some prayers. I do not want to start like a tourist, but an apostle conscious of his calling and its glory as well as its seriousness. . . .

I should like to have an impression made on the minds of all there that would lead them to more serious living and perhaps some to following.

A party of two score from the church, with many other friends, gathered on the deck for the farewell service. Theodore read Philippians 1:1-17; his father and Mr. Street led in prayer; all united in singing,

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary.

and Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall closed with prayer and the benediction.

Thus they went forth, not for a year or ten years as a merchant goes forth, expecting to return and to enjoy his fortune, but for life, with the relief, at long intervals, of a few visits home. Thus the long separation began. Could Theodore really be a pastor, seven thousand miles away from his church?

The first forward step in cooperation was to complete the family circle. In less than a year the American Board assigned Mrs. Lee also to the Westchester Church to be "Missionary." From 1904 on, Theodore's church assumed the family salary, looking upon it as paid to their Missionary Pastor as to their other pastors, and not divided between him and his wife according to the missionary custom.

To make his missionary pastorate a success, Theodore's first line of work was to acquaint his church with its India parish. Here his genius as a letter-writer served him well.

(December 19, 1904.) I should like to make this district as much a part of the field of the Westchester Congregational Church as are White Plains and Scarsdale. I wish that I could so connect you and the Wai district that when I am through you will go on sending men and money here till the native churches and schools are on their own feet and are sending missionaries to places that have had no White Plains Congregation behind them. This may be a dream, but it is worth making a reality.

Seven large bound volumes of this correspondence with his church and individuals in it have been col-

lected. No place in all the world, not seen with their own eyes, became so real as Wai and Satara.

MAHABLESHWAR, May 13, 1904.

Dear Mr. —

Wai will be a lonesome place because I shall be the only white man in town. Letters from the church will mean much to us as they have so far. I don't need white skins though, as a means of living. When I see the possibility of the divine in every black and bestial countenance and in every ignorant and superstitious one, there is the same fascination in them that marble has for the sculptor or the supreme audience or class has for the preacher and teacher.

MAHABLESHWAR, June 10, 1904.

Dear Mr. —

I wish you could just drop in on us! Then I could show you about Wai, take you into the temples with their huge idols; you would see men and women bowing in prayer to stones and trees. In the sacred river, you would see them bathing their bodies, washing their clothes and drinking its waters. Because its waters are sacred, they are good to drink even though many drains empty into it. Impure and infected water cannot trouble them, they think, because the gods know when they are to die and the presence of a few million germs cannot affect the will of the gods.

. . . . .

Our mission bungalow is outside the town. We cannot get a foot of land for the house, a school or a church in the town. But wait

—more things are wrought by the prayers of people on the other side of the globe than some would think, and a fellow here needs spiritual strength and robustness if he is going to overcome the bigotry and evil of these people with the patience and gentleness of Christ.

The usual way for a missionary to keep in touch with his home church is by formal reports and general letters. For a time the church received such quarterly or semi-annual letters and printed them for general circulation. They were well written and interesting, but they were not read by the busy people composing the church. No such formal letters are the secret of Theodore's influence in the homeland. After a few experiments, the church found that the best way of conducting a news-service concerning India was by quoting or re-writing paragraphs from private letters upon its weekly bulletin. To select these was an opportunity for loving help on the part of the home pastors. Here are a few specimens in 1907:

*Bulletin From Wai:*—Mr. Lee has been elected Chairman of the School Committee for the Village of Wai. This position corresponds to Chairman of the Board of Education in White Plains, giving him oversight of all the schools the government is interested in in Wai. He has also been made a member of the Managing Committee, which apparently corresponds largely with our Village Trustees. Certainly Wai is to be congratulated.

*Why Lee is Gaining a Reputation that Counts.*—"The day before yesterday we had a

big fight for four and a half hours in the Municipal meeting over charges of misappropriation against the municipal doctor. I took his part finally though not at first, for he is inefficient and I do not doubt has personally profited from misusing medicines. I stood by him at the end because the other side did some lying which I could prove. I faced them with it and they got mad, but when it came to deciding who should keep papers that could be used as evidence, when it came to naming the sub-committee which should further investigate, the men who were mad with me and others, named me. I rejoice in these things because they are silent tributes to my Master."

*Governor Hughes' Share in Our Work.*—

"Mrs. Chas. E. Hughes is my own cousin. She is the same sweet, gentle, loyal woman since she became the Governor's wife as she was when I used to go to their home for dinner during Seminary days and enjoy an hour with her thought-stimulating husband. He is an example of a minister's son, who has kept his ideals and his force in spite of what some people say about us. Mr. Hughes has been many years in the law firm of my uncle, Walter C. Carter.

I wrote a letter once in which I spoke of the way some of the blind boys and girls are taken up by the mission and taught some industry. I spoke of the possibility of my helping to keep one of these boys from becoming a common beggar by using him as a musician. This would present a contrast to the blind who sit in public places in Wai crying for backsheesh. My mother read this letter at Mr. Hughes' table in New York.

He said: 'That is the sort of thing I believe in. Ask Theo how much that will cost and I'll do it.' And he did. The boy has become a good musician, greatly helping in the evangelistic services we hold on the street corners. I am supporting him still through Governor Hughes' gift. Perhaps he has forgotten this. If he has, that would be characteristic also."

Perhaps nothing did more to bind the work together than the visit made to Wai by Fred B. Smith, a member of Theodore's church who was making a world tour as Religious Work Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations.

2. 15. 05.

My dear Pastor:

I have been at Wai! Mr. E. C. Carter kindly went with me and Lee was in Bombay to meet and pilot us over. We left Wathar, the railroad point, at 1.30 P.M. Monday, changed the horses twice and reached Wai at five o'clock.

Our first view of the parish was as we went over the Ghat, one half way. It is a beautiful valley about eight miles to sixteen miles wide, and forty long. We were met at the Bungalow first by Hannah Hume Lee, with a cable from Mr. James G. Cannon, then by Mrs. Sibley, Miss Gordon, Nanaji Gaikwad, the Pastor, five of the men teachers, and six of the native Bible women. . . .

We got back to the mission house for a good dinner at 7.30. The rest of the evening we spent in talking about all we love so much in White Plains. To make it more

real we got out the baby organ and sang, "Eternal Father," "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," etc. Earnest prayers for you were offered, and we got to bed for a good rest. . . .

Then came the breaking of the ground for the new "Lee Home." Rev. Theodore and Hannah turned over the first sod and with Mrs. Sibley, Miss Gordon, a visiting missionary, Miss Knight, Carter, and myself we held a prayer-meeting of consecration for that spot of ground to be their home. . . .

With our best clothes on we went over for dinner with Nanaji and his wife. It was great. We sat on the floor, ate our food from plates of banyan leaves, and had a genuine good time. I sat cross-legged like a tailor, you may not believe me but you can write and ask the Lees, *for I did*, and am lame yet from the exertion. At ten o'clock, we were back at the bungalow and here were teachers and native workers waiting to say good-bye. Out in the beautiful moonlight, with the mountains round about us, we sang "Blest Be the Tie that Binds Our Hearts in Christian Love," prayed together, and said our farewell. They said we had cheered them but they had cheered us far more, for as we drove away, Carter and I resolved to live more truly the Christian life. We had seen into the cost of winning the world to Christ and it made us better men.

Rev. Theodore is just beginning to use the language in public speaking and soon he will be going full swing. He is a true, God-fearing man, and will do grand work. Hannah Hume Lee, how can I describe her? She is a "Maharani," a grand woman. Out in the

villages the women would come out to see her and laugh like real people as she talked so freely with them. Well may we be proud of them both, and well may we not only pay the salary amount needed, but also sustain them as they seek to push the work out to more of the 120 villages in that district comprising altogether 1,000,000 people.

I must wait till I get back to tell you more about it.

Surely God is working here and our part in it is blessed.

I am thankful that I am a member of the church doing such a piece of work for the Kingdom of God in India.

With warmest greetings and earnest prayers,

Till we meet,  
As ever,  
FRED B.

By his letters, Theodore not only sought to interest his church in India, but most devotedly he tried to fulfil his pastorate by giving spiritual help and counsel to individuals as he learned their need. How much he did of this, no man can tell. Much also is too personal to quote, but the following will be a suggestion:

February 10, 1911—To a member of the church whom he had first met seven years before and who now was passing through great business difficulties:

People drift apart because of separation by long distances. I have experienced this, but I have experienced also the opposite thing in having friendship grow while half a globe apart.

It is because this has been the case with

you that I feel so keenly your present difficulties and pray from my heart that the worry part may cease in trusting God so that you can have the nerve to play the game with all your manhood.

To the same friend, November 13, 1910:

It is my earnest prayer that the great difficulties you are having may prove a spiritual blessing to you. You belong to God's family and only the best can happen to you. I have felt your fellowship in every one of my difficulties—financial and physical. You have taken hold with relentless grip and helped me at the hardest times, in the hardest places, and you haven't finished yet—not by a great deal. There must be better in your trouble than gold because God and man love you. What it is, perhaps at this distance I cannot see, but all the money in the United States this year cannot be worth as much or be of as much help to you as an increasing sense of God's and man's love for you, and increasing trust in your Father and brothers and a greater nearness to them.

A few years ago, when I was flat on my back and people looked at me with long faces, and the best surgeon in Western India told me I had better give up, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, who happened to be in India, sent me the familiar lines which became new and filled with strange fullness of meaning to me:

O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him,  
And He will give thee thy heart's desire.

I took them in preference to the doctor's advice because it was broader and deeper and

met my faith for myself, for Wai and Satara, and their people. So far they have proved true and sure. I pass them on to you, not as advice or accusation, not as pious twaddle, but as a principle of life which gives a poise and strength to one in times of weakness, doubt, and failure; which enables one to be strong in weakness, assured when questions beyond our knowledge or strength to answer arise; which brings us out at the big end of things rather than the small when the way seems entirely closed.

Look up. You are going to keep on playing the man and the Christian for a long time yet, for God and the world need you. Have faith in God.

Gratefully and affectionately,  
THEODORE STORRS LEE.

Beyond question to Theodore's own mind, the supreme thing which made his missionary pastorate uniquely successful, was the fellowship of prayer. Herein love found its daily expression. Hereby the work at home and the work abroad became one. Day by day, in private prayer and in family prayer, Theodore remembered before the Throne of Grace, the home church and its pastors and one and another of the people who were on his heart. Day by day, in many a home in America, every Sunday from the pulpit, usually in the meeting of every organization, Theodore was upheld in personal, loving prayer. Again and again he declared that it was the prayers and the love and the moral support of his church beyond its financial support which gave him the victory.

February, 1906, after a hard decision about taking on two new native workers:

This thing is going to come out all right. I took two prayerful weeks to decide whether to take the risk and I know that I did right to take the men. You and I have done things before with prayer. Other things are going to happen too. Prayer and all the work we are able to do brings to pass, and when I tell you that after my dinner every night I walk through the streets of a heathen city with all their stench, so as to pray for half or three quarters of an hour with the Christian men in Wai, it means that there is both the determination and the faith here in Wai that is going to bring men to the one who loved us first and who binds us closer together than brothers though oceans apart.

Away on foreign lands they wondered "how,  
Their single word had power."  
At home the Christians, two or three, had met  
To pray an hour.  
Yes, we are wondering, wondering "how"  
Because we do not see  
Someone, unknown perhaps, and far away,  
On bended knee.

Year by year, the mountain top of prayer and fellowship has been the Union Communion Service held on the afternoon of the last Sunday of September. On that day at the appointed hour in Wai or Satara, Theodore would gather the native Christians about him:

On the day that you have the Union Communion Service in White Plains I am plan-

ning to conduct the Communion Service and preach here. Our thoughts will be with you and you can rightly picture a grateful company of a hundred or more gathered in a simple old church with fifteen or twenty Hindus squatting on the rear benches wondering what it is all about. Even the brawling in the adjacent saloon will not prevent them from feeling the sweet solemnity of the Khristi people's worship in the godless temple, but they will to some extent perceive the unseen God.

At the same hour, the members of his home church would gather. The quiet and holy beauty of the early autumn afternoon makes a sanctuary of the country hillside, threshold to the chosen one of their three little houses of worship. Within, the Lord's Table is ready. To the pulpit go the three pastors at work on the home field, and with them a messenger from India. One year it is Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, another, Dr. Robert A. Hume, Rev. Alden Clark, Dr. Lester Beals, Miss Gordon, Rev. Robert E. Hume or yet others who have seen Theodore and the India parish. The hymns of Theodore's choice are repeated year by year, "Go Labor On," "O Jesus, I Have Promised." A letter is read from Theodore himself and then the messenger of the day stirs every heart with some word of the greatness of Theodore's work or the joyful responsibility given to the church in its India parish. The realization that love and prayers are pulsing out to meet their own, encircling half the globe, binds all together in mystic, holy communion reaching up to the Christ, who alone is present with both. And

then the bread is broken and the wine poured forth.

A hundred details more might well be written of what the church did in trying to uphold the hands of its loved Missionary Pastor. It gave in money far beyond what it had at first thought possible; it perfected the best business cooperation it could plan; it made Theodore Lee a household word in every home. But enough has been said to show the victory won by Theodore Storrs Lee, Missionary Pastor. For his spiritual influence in the lives of many individuals in America was deeper than if he had remained at home, while their returning love and sympathy lifted him above all the loneliness of Wai. Beyond doubt, the responsibilities which he assumed in the Westchester Church made him the wiser and more efficient missionary abroad. And, on the other hand, the responsibilities which the people of the Westchester Church assumed in Theodore, their Missionary Pastor, led them out of much of the natural but selfish absorption of a young church in building up its own material strength, out into a real obedience and love for the Master's word, "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations."

## THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT

A Secretary of the Board once expressed to me a doubt, in the minds of some in the Board Rooms, as to whether Theodore might not have lived longer had they not sent him out to India. I am convinced that Theodore's unquenchable purpose to be a missionary of the Cross of Christ, and his inexpressible joy in being one, prolonged his days. After the serious illness of 1906, some thought it might be unwise for Theodore to remain at his post. He felt a profound gratitude to the true insight of the missionary doctor attending him—whose life purpose was one with his own—because he never suggested that Theodore should surrender his chosen task. The influence of his life abides:

And doubtless unto thee is given  
A life that bears immortal fruit,  
In those great offices that suit  
The full grown energies of heaven.

—The witness of HANNAH HUME LEE

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT

In writing of the inner life of a friend, especially the friend who has been the closest of all, one has conflicting feelings. There is the reverent affection which finds comfort in talking about him. There is also a shrinking feeling, a feeling of inappropriateness, of a kind of irreverence, in making general that which is most personal—as is the devotional life. This latter I have tried to overcome in the thought that, by setting down some record of Theodore's devotional life, I may share with those who are reaching out to their life purpose some inspiration which came to me, and that the things for which Theodore lived may continue to make their personal appeal.

HANNAH HUME LEE.

IN going through Theodore's papers, one is amazed by the abundance of his Bible study notes and slips. He early formed and systematically developed the habit of Bible study. It can be traced back to the note books written in the New Haven school days, in a distinctly boyish hand. He continued it with unwavering purpose and uninterrupted faithfulness. His Bible study note-books and slips show spiritual development. They are his spiritual diary, and record the most intimate experiences of his life. They reveal his soul struggles, and the way in which, through the Spirit's guidance, he came into that "sureness of God which is the home of the soul." He hungered and

thirsted after God. To Jesus Christ as the revelation of God he yielded full and free personal allegiance. He liked to quote the lines by Richard Watson Gilder:

"If Jesus Christ is a man,  
And only a man, I say  
That of all mankind I cleave to Him  
And to Him will I cleave away.

If Jesus Christ is God,  
And the only God, I swear  
I will follow Him through heaven and hell  
The earth, the sea, and the air."

Theodore's Bible study was intensely personal, the kind that opened up the possibilities of the life hid with Christ in God. He had a joyous, exuberant spirit in his study of the Bible. There was also a practical quality which applied the result of the study to daily life. Theodore never seemed to lack time for his Bible study. He took it. Because of the regularity and method of his study, he lost no time feeling about where to begin. He was constantly on the look-out for new suggestions and outlines along the lines of Bible study. His pocket Testament was used on every available occasion, at home, on walks, on the steamer, or the sick bed. Devotional poems and hymns, quotations which ministered to the inner life, he collected and placed topically in his files. Devotional poetry had its own place in his devotional life. Among his best loved hymns were the following:

Oh, Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end.  
Go labor on; spend and be spent.  
Oh, Master, let me walk with Thee!

We have seen that Theodore's Bible study was personal. He also aimed to get from it that which would help him in his mission work. A few slips from his notes show this :

My most valuable notes on Bible Study. What in this for me today? What here for others? What here to talk about today? Object: Not knowledge, but inspiration, Divine fellowship and acquaintance.

1. To become master of facts of life of Christ.
2. To become master of principles of His life and teaching.
3. To apply these to present day questions and living.
4. To become filled with His spirit and purpose.
5. To know Him no more after the flesh but after the spirit.

Not for my self alone. Learn a verse. Recite a chapter. Read a chapter. Apply it. DO IT. So master details and principles of life of Christ that you will naturally, spontaneously and habitually refer to them in conversation with both Christians and Hindus. In this way you can help by turning their thoughts toward Him.

I thank Thee, Father, for this Book. With it I need never fear that I shall be without a message for the lives of any to whom I may have to speak. With Christ to preach and speak about, why ever be anxious about preaching? Keep your Bible study going and you will never be without a message.

The habit of memorizing and meditation he found a fruitful one. The truths of his daily study he stored

in his mind; they touched the springs of his life; they vitalized his contact with men. Yet there was nothing strained or formal about his religious life. It was singularly spontaneous and outgoing, free from artificiality.

From Bible study Theodore invariably turned, with even fuller joy, to prayer to the Father of his spirit who, he felt, "is here in this room." He wrote:

No study of the life or person of Christ—no matter how historically illuminating, or how full of learning—is complete unless it brings one so face to face with the person and the life that the soul stretches out its arms in yearning adoration. No daily study is complete which does not at its close spontaneously burst into prayer.

Sometimes he wrote short prayers at the close of his daily study. Prayer meant for him personal contact with God. Prayer was the most vital part of his daily life. In it he found his supreme expression. There never seemed to be haste about his prayer, but always that leisure, that "waiting upon the Lord," which daily renewed his strength. There was an exuberant joy with which he turned to prayer which was marvelous. God gave him the talent of prayer, and he, putting it out in ever increasing usefulness, brought back to his Master a life of prayer.

Prayer for Theodore was an intense object of desire, not alone for himself but also as a method of work. He grew in the power of intercessory prayer. He loved to pray individually and in detail for his friends—giving thanks for their friendship and offer-

ing earnest and discerning petition for their lives. In his work as a missionary he trustfully relied on prayer as a method in soul winning. Many were the non-Christians for whom he worked individually and prayed unflinching. It was a source of heartfelt gratitude to him to remember the answers to his prayer for volunteers to the foreign field at a time in his life when he feared that the great wish of his own heart to become a foreign missionary might remain unfulfilled.

Theodore's prayer life gave abundant illustration of the power of faith. His faith was rooted in prayer. An instance of this may be seen in notes made on returning to America on furlough, on the study of Mark 11:24. He writes:

Whatsoever you ask, believe you have received and you shall have it. The belief is not the denial of a fact, but rather the assurance that the petition is in accordance with God's will, and that He is as disposed to give as we to receive; our reception of the gift depends on our holding on to His will. Now the practical question is, What is God's will? Am I conforming to it? Through lack of faith am I failing to receive and appropriate for myself and Satara what I and Satara need? Is it God's will that I should return, and that there should be better paid work? More of it? More schoolhouses? A pastors' house? chapel? Hiwale's house? Should I have a new lantern? New houses for workers? *i.e.*, \$10,000?

Then apparently some days later he added to these notes, with an assurance born of faith, "Yes."

Shortly before returning to India Mrs. Lee showed to their pastor Theodore's statement of needs for Satara, and the record of his faith that these needs would be met. The money for the Hiwale house was already practically secured. The next great need was a parsonage. God seemed to lay this need so on the hearts of two or three individuals in the church, that the canvassing of Saturday night and the prayer meeting Sunday afternoon, before the service, were things of power. At the Union Communion service, with an unmistakable spirit of consecration, the members of the Westchester Church pledged \$1,000 for the parsonage. God is still answering this prayer of Theodore's, both in material ways and also in the unseen spiritual ways which He takes of working in men's hearts. While Theodore was not permitted to return to Satara, yet his influence there is truly at work.

A friend in writing of him expressed the thought that "Theodore walked with God, yet was very human." It was this human quality, touched and illuminated by the Divine companionship, which made his personal life, and his life in his home, so full of radiance. There was much in his life of restricted health which made for discouragement. He rose above this courageously. He had within his sunny spirit, to an unusual degree, the power of friendship. An intimate friend of his once wrote to him: "Life has a few priceless treasures to offer. Few people secure them. I count myself most blessed that one of the rarest of these gifts has been granted me in such a rare measure in your friendship."



#### MAHARS AND MANGS

Low caste Mahars refused to let lower Mangs stand by them. Lee stepped in saying, "I am a Christian, count me as either."



A STREET IN SATARA



I leave with thee a sense  
 Of hands upheld and trials rendered less,  
 The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness  
 Its own great recompense

The knowledge that from thine,  
 As from the garments of the Master, stole  
 Calmness and strength, the virtue which makes  
                   whole  
 And heals without a sign.

Yea, more, the assurance strong  
 That love, which fails of perfect utterance here,  
 Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere  
 With its immortal song.

Theodore's devotional life brought to him a steadfastness of purpose, an earnestness which were clearly evident. In one of his meditations he writes: "Oh God, help me and give me the will to be painstaking in little things." "If I have not the reason of the philosopher, give me the vision of the little child. In service and worship keep me one with Thee and my fellows." There was much of overcoming in his life—of anxiety, of impatience, of moods of despondency, of distrust of himself and his own powers. Through it he came into that abounding joy which he felt should be the inalienable possession of every disciple of the Master. Of himself he wrote: "Never regret nor be discouraged because of your small talents. Use what you have and you will have more." And again "I cannot afford to be anxious about this, for in it I must do my best and that cannot be done if I dissipate my forces by being anxious." In a study on Matt. 10:31 he wrote: "Fear not, ye are of more

value than many sparrows. The Father watches me and cares for me. I am precious to Him. Defeat, pain, death, may be my lot, but I shall not be anxious. My work may be a failure, but I will not fail. Thou dost love me more than I love myself. Give me courage to hope, strength to bear and do, and—if need be—suffer. Today I will trust.”

Linked to this earnestness of life, Theodore had a ready humor which lent charm to his personality. In him there was a happy mingling of the grave and gay. He had a strongly marked individuality. His warm, demonstrative nature often overflowed in merriment. There was unity in his life; the same ardor with which he enjoyed the birds and the flowers and all God's out-of-doors went into his religious life. His enthusiastic temperament drew no strained dividing line between the secular and the religious life. He loved a laugh and he often provoked laughter. Shortly before sailing for the foreign field a service of farewell was held in the Springfield Church with which he had been connected. It was a serious occasion. When Theodore rose to give his farewell message he began in such a happy vein that it changed the atmosphere from one of tearful solemnity to sunny gladness.

This occasion was in a measure the culmination of long cherished hopes which embodied his life purpose to become a foreign missionary. This purpose was one of the direct fruits of his devotional life. He greatly prized and carefully preserved a letter from his father written after Theodore had been absent from home seven years. In it his father, writing of

the Board's meeting in 1910, said: "A thousand times I wished you were there; and the thousandth time I was thankful that you are in India." It was a source of satisfaction to him that his parents and family ungrudgingly shared in the dedication of his life to foreign missions. Yet when the time came to go, the parting was very hard for him. In thus dedicating his life he said:

I will endure being considered "only a missionary" that I may be able, as Paul, to write some spiritual ideas in life and word.

In a letter to a sister he wrote:

Perhaps He has other plans for me than I have. If so, I want to follow them. God help me sacrifice as you did. You have inspired me to do my work perfectly. It is glorious to do so even though it cost one's life.

Theodore's missionary purpose gave him zest and objective in life. It was worth while to go without the better spring overcoat and take one a little less expensive when the difference in price between the two was to go for missions. Student Volunteer Conventions called out his ardent support in the work of securing loyal and earnest delegations. When he himself could not go and his slender resources were used to help students to go to these conventions where they might have the stimulating ideals, his eager spirit found ample compensation. His note-books show careful and full preparation for the leading of mission study classes during seminary days. After ap-

pointment to the American Board's Marathi Mission, he studied its reports so thoroughly, and made himself so familiar with the needs and the opportunities of the field where he hoped to be located, that his talks with the lantern had not only the ardor of an enthusiast, but also savored of the experience of a returned missionary.

There could be no question in the minds of those with whom he talked—even on slight acquaintance—of the genuineness of his purpose. The words of St. Paul in Meyer's wonderful poem found ready response in his heart:

Faint to the flame that in my heart is burning  
Less than the love wherewith I yearn for souls.

His complete dedication to the missionary task brought joy and blessedness to his life.

## HOME COMINGS

How can we get along without him? Many have asked this question doubtless. I believe the death of such men always gives one impulse to all who knew a man's heart and life, to see that nothing for which he held himself responsible shall lack or fail.

THEODORE STORRS LEE, Wai, March 29, 1907,  
on hearing of the death of Myron E. Evans,  
a dear friend and officer of the West-  
chester Church.

## CHAPTER IX

### HOME COMINGS

It had been seven and a half years since Theodore Lee had gone forth, but when the tall, straight figure strode through the doorway all recognized the same Theo who had gone to India in 1903:—somewhat thinner, surely more weather-beaten, but with the same frank, fearless face which characterized him. There were marked signs of exhaustion and a look in his piercing eye which was the index of trouble. In response to his ruling passion, he had come from Springfield the second day after landing to be present at the annual dinner of the officers of the Westchester Church. The church had long anticipated this first furlough, and he had often written of the privilege which this would be in strengthening each other for their common task. He had planned that this meeting should be the first of his efforts to bring India more vitally into the life of the Church, but it proved to be the only time that he spoke publicly.

As he briefly outlined his hopes for the coming year one saw that he was, as always, an "Apostle to the Gentiles." The same love for the other man which he had manifested in college, in seminary, and in his pastoral visitation in White Plains and Scarsdale in 1903, was still there. As was to be expected,

it was deeper, more balanced, less censorious and crude than in student days, but it was there in all of its dominating strength.

The following letter written in mid-ocean to Rev. S. G. Barnes shows his deep love for India:

Royal Mail Steamship *Carpathia*,  
April 1-15, 1911.

I am much attached to the people of India as a whole and more so to some individuals. When India becomes Christian it will be deeply and spiritually so. Japanese superficiality will not pass there nor will the crudeness of our belligerent Occidentalism. I was talking the other day with one of the most brilliant educationalists in India, Professor — of Bombay University. He has been a Christian and gone back because he did not find in European Christians the freedom from class and caste feeling he expected and because he did not find in them the divine Christ. He, however, says that at heart he is Christ's and I have had abundant evidence in working with him for a drunkard that his pocket-book is Christ's also. In talking with him he acknowledged that Christ would rule India and when I said to him that the great nations of the future were going to be great because of efficiency in the arts of peace and not because of battleships and dreadnoughts, his eyes burned with the fire of his patriotic soul. It is this that India will be and the country which has once given Japan its religion and has given China one of hers will again steer them into the open away from the rocks of materialism and the fogs of vanity which attract so many peoples always.

It is easier to write and think and see this in the middle of the Atlantic than in Satara, where all seem to be seeking money, land, and women.

Hoping to see you sometime,  
Sincerely yours,  
THEODORE S. LEE.

In private conversations he seemed deeply concerned lest he should not present the cause with compelling power. Even in the hospital he talked over a course of mission-talks which he planned to give. Up to the end he was the missionary pastor of Christians in America and his last message to the Church was, "In India we were supported by the love and prayers of the Church. It was right to go."

Along with this dominating love for the people whom he served, he preserved a very hopeful spirit. The plans which he had made, some of which were known only after his death, show that he had great hopes for practical results. "He planned great things for God and expected great things from God." Even when confined to his room there was nothing in the discussion of his plans which indicated that he thought his illness more than temporary. In the hospital on the day of his parents' golden wedding anniversary, a friend brought in a large bunch of golden-glow. "This is *the* golden day," she said. "Yes," he replied cheerily, "Mother wrote this morning that she is coming down, and a few days of her nursing will put me right again." Then he added enthusiastically, "We are to have a big celebration in the fall."

The milestones of his first furlough were few in

number. He landed with his wife and two children in New York on Easter evening, April 16, 1911, from the steamer *Carpathia*. After a few weeks with parents and friends they went to Lake Mahopac, New York, where a bungalow had generously been placed at their disposal by Mr. and Mrs. Franklin H. Warner, of the home church. This acted as headquarters as it was within easy reach of White Plains and New York, and from it they made visits to Springfield, Boston, and the Adirondacks.

Theodore entered the Presbyterian Hospital in July and died there August 24, 1911.

The disease which ended his earthly service was not of recent development. As a young man he had suffered from heart trouble, and in India had a serious illness in 1906. Just before leaving India he was much exposed to dampness and he thought that the frequent chills which he had might be due to lung trouble. Examinations allayed these fears, but while in the Adirondacks the chills came on with greater frequency and he at once returned to New York, where the missionary room in the Presbyterian Hospital was freely offered him. Dr. David Bovaird at once diagnosed his trouble as *malignant endocarditis*. "Theodore made a brave fight and he felt sure that God wanted him to fight." The doctor too could only labor on, hoping that his diagnosis might be disproved. In their common struggle strong and tender friendship sprang up between the doctor and his patient. At first their fight seemed hopeful, as Theodore gained strength, but suddenly on Monday, August 21st, he began rapidly to fail. Then, for the first

time, he learned the nature of his trouble and that the end was near.

Mr. Street, who was with him these last days, wrote:

He met this news with the same absolute child-like faith that God's will was right. There was no fear in his heart, and that sick-room became the very portal of heaven. He talked quietly with his wife and father and mother, and said good-bye to the few friends who, in this vacation season, could receive the word. None but those who saw can adequately testify to the peace and heavenly vision of that room.

About six o'clock in the evening of Thursday, August 24th, he slept away with wife and parents by his side. The father, who had given him to India, well said in the first moments of separation, "When we think how much he is needed here, how much greater must be the service above."

A simple funeral service was held at the White Plains Church on Saturday at 10 A. M. The service was in the hands of his brother pastors of the Westchester Church, President Albert P. Fitch, and Rev. F. P. Young, pastor of the Bay Ridge Reformed Church, Brooklyn. The Testament used was the same one which Theodore carried in India and had used in the hospital. The passages read were some recently marked. II Tim. 1:7-12; 2:1-13, 19b; 4:5-8, 17-18. To these were added a few sentences he had jotted down on a slip of paper:

"I am under orders.

"I am living with Christ.

"Good is stronger than evil.

"The world belongs to Christ.

"The kingdom of God is coming."

Two hymns were sung:

"O Jesus I have promised

To serve Thee to the end,"

chosen by Mrs. Lee as a favorite of Theodore's, and

"Go labor on, spend and be spent,"

which he had chosen at the first communion service as missionary pastor. Mr. Young, who had also sung at Theodore's ordination, sang as a solo, "In the Secret of His Presence, How My Soul Delights to Hide!" These words were written by an Indian Christian woman, Ellen Laximibai Goreh, and were greatly loved by Theodore.

The church had been simply decorated with hydrangea, golden rod, and wild carrot, and the officers of the church acted as pall-bearers. The spirit of the service has been admirably expressed by Theodore's father:

Those who led in the services were Theodore's classmates, who had long known him intimately, loved him with devotion, revered him as the inspirer of themselves and others, had visited him in his last days and witnessed the victory of his faith to the end. The dominant note in everything said on and around the dying bed was of gratitude and praise, of imperturbable peace and triumph. This was impressively manifest at White Plains, when the entire congregation, with

tear-filled eyes, sang two hymns with joy. I have been in many scenes of affliction, but this was the first time that I ever stood by a sorely stricken widow who sang at the burial of her husband, and that, too, in such a manner as to inspire the father to sing beside the coffin of his son. This was the feeling prevalent not only there but through the journey to Springfield and until the last word of benediction in Oak Grove Cemetery. Well was it written afterwards by Mr. Young, "May it be certain to you all, as it is to us, that we celebrated a true victory won by Theodore."

At Springfield, on Monday, another service was held at the old home on Wilbraham Road. This was also conducted by intimate friends and classmates. Very fittingly the service was opened by prayer offered by Rev. J. R. Thurston, D.D., of Whitinsville, Mass., who a short time before had buried his own missionary son, Lawrence Thurston, after a brief period of work in China. Mr. Pritchard read several of the passages marked in Theodore's Testament, and Mr. Young sang "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," "In the Secret of His Presence," and "The Sands of Time are Sinking." Wellington H. Tinker spoke of the influence of Theodore at Amherst. In introducing his remarks he read a letter from Professor George D. Olds of Amherst, written to Mrs. Lee:

My Dear Madam:

The morning paper brought news to Amherst that was a great shock to me and to all

the older teachers connected with the college.

Theodore was in my classes in college, and I came to know him intimately as a scholar and as a man. It was hard to divorce the two—for earnestness, perfect poise, manliness, carefully matured purpose and strength of will, were manifest in all the relations which he sustained to the college.

I recall vividly a talk that Dr. Cuthbert Hall gave our boys one Sunday evening immediately after his return from India. Three-fourths of it was devoted to the character and work of Theodore Lee. Since then he has been the pride of Amherst in the field of missions, and the college will hardly reconcile itself to the thought that he is gone.

Most cordially yours,  
GEORGE D. OLDS.

President Albert P. Fitch spoke of his life at Union Seminary.

Dr. James A. Barton of the American Board paid a high tribute to Theodore's work in India. In referring to his ability in personal work he said:

As an illustration of Theodore Lee's faculty of reaching the people, one incident will suffice. He noticed a group of Brahmins assembling daily under the shade of a large tree not far from the missionary bungalow. As occasion offered he drew near to the group and entered into conversation with the leader and was informed that the gathering comprised a body of men who met to discuss religious topics. Mr. Lee asked if he might sit

with them and listen to what was said. They seemed much pleased and gave him a cordial invitation to join the circle. He refrained from saying anything at first but listened carefully to all that was said. Not many days passed before questions were referred to him for his judgment. This led to inquiries regarding his own ideas of religion and before they were aware of it, and yet under the direction of their own questions, that daily open air assembly became a voluntary summer school of theology with serious minded Brahmins as inquirers and the young devoted Christian missionary as the natural leader. His friendliness, frankness, tact and sincerity won and held them and thus a new door was opened for the entrance of light.

After an uplifting and comforting prayer by Dr. Fitch and the benediction by Mr. Pritchard, the friends withdrew to Oak Grove Cemetery. The bearers were Rev. Messrs. Fitch, Pritchard, Tinker and Young, Mr. Edward A. Appleton of Springfield, Mr. Walter J. Lee of White Plains, Mr. E. R. Carter of New Hartford.

The committal service was conducted by Theodore's father, Rev. Samuel H. Lee. He spoke in part as follows:

What we had hardly dared hope, Theodore returned on his first furlough to be welcomed home by both his father and his mother. For this our thankfulness is beyond words. On his dying bed, repeatedly he expressed his joy, "We are all here."

This was a year of signal interest with us

in that we were celebrating in this very month the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage. In the very midst of this, while we were sending to friends our greetings of gladness and receiving congratulations from them, the thunderbolt fell. "Death, indeed, struck sharp on life," but life was not overcome; life was victor. "He that believeth on me shall never die." Lightning? Is it not beneficent? It clears the atmosphere of things noxious. It flashes into our vision all the objects about us, disclosing to us our relations to them and making our pathway plain before us. So death coming close to us brings things invisible into vivid clearness. Drawn steadfastly to gaze into the Face of the Divine Goodness, we reach certitude and peace. We walk on in a clearer pathway, a more intelligent relation to God and His will, to the invisible glories of the life immortal.

On the day when a part of the family observed the golden wedding, the mother of the household laid by every plate on the table a piece of gold. Theodore was not there. We waited for him on another day. But the festivity is translated. We were waiting for him. He now is waiting for us, not at any terrestrial board, but at the "marriage supper of the lamb." He has received, not a piece of gold, but a crown, and to him is fulfilled the promise, "To him that overcometh I will give the morning star." As Ruskin has it, "Shall we mourn for the guests of God?"

A tablet was unveiled in the White Plains Church on June 30, 1912, with this inscription:

IN LOVING MEMORY  
THEODORE STORRS LEE  
FIRST MISSIONARY PASTOR  
WESTCHESTER  
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH  
WAI AND SATARA INDIA  
1903-1911

**"Suffer Hardship with Me as a Good  
Soldier of Christ Jesus." 2 Timothy 2:3**



WAS IT WORTH WHILE?

O Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Be Thou for ever near me,  
My Master and my Friend:  
I shall not fear the battle  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway  
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me,  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear:  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
O give me grace to follow  
My Master and my Friend.

—REV. JOHN E. BODE.

## CONCLUSION

### WAS IT WORTH WHILE?

FRED B. SMITH

I HAVE three outstanding memories of Theodore Lee, which if tested by the ordinary methods of human intelligence may well give rise to the question suggested by the title of this chapter, and open a flood of dispute concerning the wisdom of his life plan.

I remember him first in 1903, as he was graduating, an honored student, from Union Seminary, being ordained to the ministry and claiming for his bride Hannah Hume. He was young, cultured, of a happy personality, from a grand old New England family, and with every asset, it seemed, to claim the very best that any land could offer. Having chosen the ministry as his profession, naturally a hundred comfortable pulpits would welcome him. This time would have suggested only a life of many years of marked success and large popularity.

I remember him second in 1905, as I found him in Wai of the Satara district in India, whither he had gone in response to the call of the Foreign Missionary task of the Christian Church. Here he was located twenty-four miles from the railway, in a city of 12,000 inhabitants upon the banks of the Krishna River, dedi-

cated to an alien faith, filled for the major part with dirty, lazy priests and a starved, naked, poverty ridden people. He was the only white man for many, many miles. His good wife and two other noble white women were bearing with him the terrific burden and responsibility. One night while I was there one of the Hindu idols was taken out of the temple to pass in review before the people in recognition of some anniversary, the significance of which I do not now remember. The streets were packed with a howling mob which seemed to have gone mad with a frenzy of delirium. We sought a secluded place to observe the spectacle and were quietly advised that no missionary's life was safe when within reach of that crowd. The night closed in a sensual revelry, the details of which could not be told, much less written. This was the highest expression of the religion of the people to whom he had gone to minister. Here I found this man, of such unusual talents, whom I had met a few years before upon the threshold of his career, quietly but fervently working out his destiny as he sought the better destiny of this poor people.

I remember him third as he came home on furlough in 1911. There was a look in his face as of a man who had fought and won. His soul was ripened and richer. But there was also revealed in the first look of that face the unmistakable signs of the time limit upon his human life. I felt as I met him that his work in India was finished so far as his personal contact with it was involved.

Grouping these three impressions, it is not strange that the question of the wisdom of his life plan is



BREAKING GROUND FOR NEW BUNGALOW. (See p. 128)



THE ONLY BARBER IN WAI



raised by some. To be blunt, the ordinary man of the street would say, "Theodore Lee was a fool." We must stand in appraisal, not swayed by sentiment or too much emotion, but calmly to face this judgment and to answer soberly whether Theodore Lee was right or wrong. A true verdict ought to be gained, for the sake of the Kingdom and for the sake of others who must pass through similar experiences in weighing the claims of the foreign lands which are without the Gospel. But after seriously taking account of all involved and the result, I am prepared to say that Theodore Lee's sacrifice was worth while, even if the salient points of my three impressions were to be augmented by many fold.

I am convinced of this because it was an expression of supreme heroism. Heroic decisions or deeds are not involved necessarily in geography but are always related to complete duty. It may be as critical upon New York's Fifth Avenue as upon the island of Borneo. But for Theodore Lee duty involved India. I think it was in the first conversation of any length which I ever had with him, just about the time he graduated at the Seminary, that he revealed how thoroughly convinced he had become that as for him, for weal or woe, life or death, the foreign field was his parish. If he had been of faint heart he might easily have found an acceptable alibi. He could have plead uncertainty of health, and with ease have found capable medical advisers to confirm that disqualification, for his physical status was such that only by the exercise of his tact and genius was he finally approved by the physician of the Missionary Board. He could

have plead family responsibilities to a father and mother in advancing years whose comfort and care demanded that he be readily accessible. Many would have praised his loyalty to home and commended his decision. He could have plead that, with his unique talents, he might do more for the Christianizing of India by remaining in the home land and influencing other men and money to be sent out—a very popular argument and one of the most subtle in the hour of struggle over the Foreign Missionary call. He would not have been bereft of sympathy had this been his final answer. He could have presented the claims for the evangelizing of North America as the forerunner of world conquest, and without which the non-Christian continents and islands may not be possessed for the Gospel. Hundreds would have spoken well of his great consecration to the universal Kingdom of Jesus Christ upon this platform.

Nevertheless Theodore Lee steadfastly set his face to go forth to answer the cry for help from India's 300,000,000 morally destitute souls. His call was not overwhelming from the human side. True the great American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions did open the door and point the way to the Satara district, and also true that the Westchester Congregational Church promised to share with him to the amount of his salary, but all they had to offer was a pittance for material support and assurance of hardship, loneliness, and suffering. No committee of influential citizens crossed land or sea to persuade him. No promises were made of a suitable manse, large appreciative congregations, fine music, competent

remuneration, and an annual three months' vacation. He went to live in a borrowed cabin to minister to a people who, if they could have spoken at all, would have said they did not want him and would not hear him and would drive him out if they dared. I cannot easily forget the recitation I listened to from his own lips in Wai of some of those testing times, after he arrived on the field. He pointed to a row of palms near the Mission Compound and told me of how again and again he had gone there alone to walk up and down fighting out the battle, not daring to confide all that was in his heart to his own good wife, much less to the people. At that time seeing his rather frail physical condition, I raised the question of his continuance in service in that climate. He waved it aside without serious consideration; length of years seemed only incidental in the presence of what was clearly to him an immediate duty.

I saw Theodore Lee as he started for India. I saw him there in action. I saw the conditions of the people he went to win to Christ. I saw him as he came back seven years later to die. I have read of the heroism of Huss, Luther, Savonarola, Carey, Morrison, Livingstone, Pitkin and a host of others who gave all to plant the seed of the pure Gospel, and with all Christians I bow in reverence at their memory, but I find nothing in their sacrifice surpassing the heroism of Theodore Lee.

I am further convinced of the fact that he made no mistake in the decision which led him to India because he was there given the opportunity to invest all the talents he had in the supreme task of the Christian

Church. As long as sin, carnality, and human nature last, there will always be ample ground to plead the need of evangelization in any land this side the world or the other, and to say that the supreme task of the Christian Church is in one part of the world, does not at all lessen the importance in any and every other place.

But after every allowance has been made for the intensity of the issues involved in the home countries, we are brought in the twentieth century, as not hitherto, face to face with the solemn fact that Christianity's final test is whether it has in it a dynamic sufficient to reconstruct and transform the Orient. With distance rapidly being eliminated by steam and electricity, the nations once widely separated are becoming but a simple neighborhood. Uniform methods of life are being adopted the world round. This finds evidence in the political upheavals demanding a world-wide democracy and a universal suffrage. It finds added evidence in uniform methods of economics. It is yet more apparent in the educational world where degrees in one university are won upon practically the same curriculum as in the university 10,000 miles away.

It is unthinkable that the races so being unified in other realms can be kept for long segregated in religion. The day is not far distant when the world at large will be swayed by one philosophy about God, salvation, and eternity. The universal choice between Krishna, Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius or Christ will be accentuated beyond understanding during this century. Christianity must go forward in triumph in the Orient, or eventually be found not anywhere.

Theodore Lee saw this, believed it, felt it, responded to it, and took every capacity he had and invested it in India because he was sure that, as far as he was concerned, that was the place where he could make the greatest contribution to the supreme task of the Church. And, not only so, but as I observed him in his actual life and work there, it seemed to me there was an approach to the undertaking which in sagacity was even beyond anything I had attributed to him. His was not simply a sentimental giving of life without great wisdom in the undertaking.

Others have written more fully of this, and therefore, I need add little but a personal testimony to this phase of his life. I found him centering upon the educational problem. He had organized schools wherever one was possible. He was gathering children together for secular training as well as religious instruction in private homes, in abandoned temples, in old barns and wayside places, and in two or three instances, where no building was available, the schools were conducted out under the trees in the open air, with little ridges of sand and dirt thrown up to mark the line of the school enterprise. So pronounced became his influence upon the educational life of Wai, that they were compelled to call upon him to help administer that part of their public system, even though they would one hundred times rather never have asked a favor of him. He was intensely concerned, also, about the social life of the young people. I remember distinctly his talk concerning what could be done that they might have a normal, reasonable, sensible social relation.

In his more direct religious work he carried everything in his thought from the evangelistic meeting on the street to the large assembly with the stereopticon, and to the closest continual work upon one individual strategic man. I was amazed at the breadth of his conception of the methods by which the Kingdom of God would be established. Had he lived years enough for the scope of his work to have been fully recognized, I believe volumes could have been written concerning the strategy of Theodore Lee's attack upon Hindu India.

I am again, however, fully convinced that Theodore Lee made no blunder when in 1903, amid all the difficulties which surrounded him, he persistently pressed on toward India, for by his life service, sacrifice, and death he had the privilege of planting an eternal truth, one which was not dependent upon his life for its complete fruition. Any man whose life can be even approximately appraised upon the day of his funeral has had a pauper's career notwithstanding what the seeming achievements are. The supreme test of life is what it will produce in one hundred or one thousand years. Whether it is in this world or the next, I am fully persuaded that the doctrines he enunciated, and the kind of life he typified before the people of India, will best be appreciated one thousand years hence. The truest evidence of this is the fact that following his return on furlough, sickness, and death, the work he had undertaken in the Satara district has been going steadily forward without interruption.

It would be unfair to attribute to him all the credit for these results, for it seems in the good Providence

of God that no one man is ever permitted to do anything entirely alone. Possibly there is in this something of the significance of the Trinity in the functions of the Divine, not fully complete except in the circle of the triune faith. But this is always exemplified in human experience. Every worthy result or achievement in the name of Christ traces itself to a good many human agencies. This will be true in a closer study of the Satara district when all of those who shared in this beneficent, eternal work have been reckoned with. I presume it will be necessary to go back at least to the days when Carey thought, prayed, pondered, and moved his will in action toward the heathen world. I am sure it will be necessary to go back to the historic haystack prayer meeting at Williamstown, for the soil of North America has been enriched by that group of men who prayed there for the evangelization of the world. I am sure Theodore Lee's work could never be fully understood or appreciated without ample recognition of the Westchester Congregational Church, for this band of earnest Christian people saw by faith their responsibility to India and bade this man go forward as their representative.

It is true, also, that the whole story could not be told without recognition of the great Robert A. Hume, Theodore Lee's father-in-law. I distinctly remember the first words I ever heard fall from the lips of Robert A. Hume in the year he preached in the White Plains Congregational Church. Having known about him and read of him, I was rather reluctant to go to the service, for I had served in Christian work in the

home country under rather affluent conditions, not having known very much of hardship, and I felt the comparison between his life and one like mine would be severe, and I expected to hear him relate his hardships and sufferings. But with the dignity of a great soul he rose that Sunday morning, walked out to the front of the pulpit, and, folding his arms quietly across his breast, looked over the audience with a smile and said, "Oh! it is so grand to be a missionary." Then, while for an hour he told the story of India's desperate need, there was never a whine or a snivel, but rather something majestic in the honor which he seemed to think had been conferred upon him, that he was permitted to be a part of India's Christian program. His presence then only typified all of his career and, as the father-in-law of Theodore Lee, he certainly has some part in all that Theodore wrought.

Beyond all others, when the story is completely told, there must be sharp reckoning with Hannah Hume Lee, his wife. Had she been less in character these memories of Theodore Lee would probably not be written. From her days in Wellesley as the foremost figure of her college generation, later to be elected perpetual president of her class, to the time I met her in her home and work in India, she has been a leader of great events every hour. I was impressed by her as I observed their life in Wai, that she was primarily a noble housewife, her first care being to those duties that have to do with making a home what it ought to be. This was exemplified only recently when she was called from all sides to be Vice-Principal of the new Union College for Women at Madras,

a very great honor and one a woman whose mind was primarily upon her public appearance would have welcomed. She declined it positively because she thought she saw in it an interference with her duties as mother of her children, and in a letter explaining why she could not accept the call, she said it must be remembered that "I am first of all a mother, and second a missionary." But, not seeming at any moment to neglect those cares of her home, she was also a good Samaritan upon the streets of Wai. Therefore, a large part of the wonderful life and record of Theodore Lee is involved in the spirit and consecrated life of Hannah Hume.

But summing it all up, notwithstanding the fact that a self seeking, indulgent world would say that a man conscious of the limitations which were so manifest with Theodore Lee in 1903 was a fool to jeopardize his future by going to India, I am clearly convinced that he did the grandest, noblest, truest thing in the world when he invested those seven years in India, even though he might have lived three or four times as many had he remained at home, for written over him in great powerful lines is a testimony of contribution to the supreme task of the Church, which he loved more than life, and of having planted an eternal truth the value of which will be greater with every passing year while time lasts. Of him it can be well written, "He that doeth the will of God, abideth forever."



## APPENDIX



## APPENDIX

### I. DATES FOR REFERENCE

- 1873—May 23, Theodore Storrs Lee born at Cleveland, Ohio.
- 1893—Graduated from Williston Seminary.
- 1893-97—Four years of ill-health.
- 1897—Entered Amherst College as sophomore.
- 1900—Graduated from Amherst College, Amherst, Mass., aged 27.
- 1900-03—Student at Union Theological Seminary, New York City.
- 1903—October 1, Married to Miss Hannah Hume.
- 1903—October 20, Ordained to the ministry in the Westchester Congregational Church, White Plains, N. Y.
- 1903—November 14, Sailed for India, arriving at Bombay about December 22.
- 1904—May—to 1908, Period of work in Wai.
- 1906—November, Severe sickness.
- 1909-1911, Period of work in Satara.
- 1911—April 16, Arrived in New York City on first furlough.
- 1911—August 24, Died at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City, aged 38.
- 1912—July 3, Hannah Hume Lee returned to the work in Satara with their two children, Grace, aged six, and Theodore Hume, aged two.

*"Herein is the victory even your faith."*

## II. SOME EXPLANATIONS

*Satara*.—Eighty miles south of Bombay is Satara, an old Hindu capital, still a city of 22,000, and the political and industrial center for a surrounding district of over a million and a half. There is a native Christian church of over one hundred members and a station school, and work is developing in the villages, against decreasing opposition.

*Wai*.—The sacred town of Wai is twenty miles north of Satara on the Krishna River, and has 12,000 inhabitants, with a population in the villages immediately surrounding of 89,000. Three-fourths of the city's inhabitants are Brahmins, and as a resort of religious leaders from all over the country, and an important place of pilgrimage, Wai has an influence far out of proportion to its population. A city of gods and temples, thronged with religious mendicants, it is one of the hardest and most hopeful fields for Christian effort in all India.

*The Westchester Congregational Church*, of which Theodore Lee was Missionary Pastor, is located at White Plains and Scarsdale, N. Y., growing suburbs twenty miles out of New York City in Westchester County. Organized in 1901, it has the unusual plan of one church organization with three houses of worship. Theodore's influence, thus, was felt in three congregations.







